JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 21, 1939 VOL. LXVI. 1710

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE—SEE CENTRE PAGES

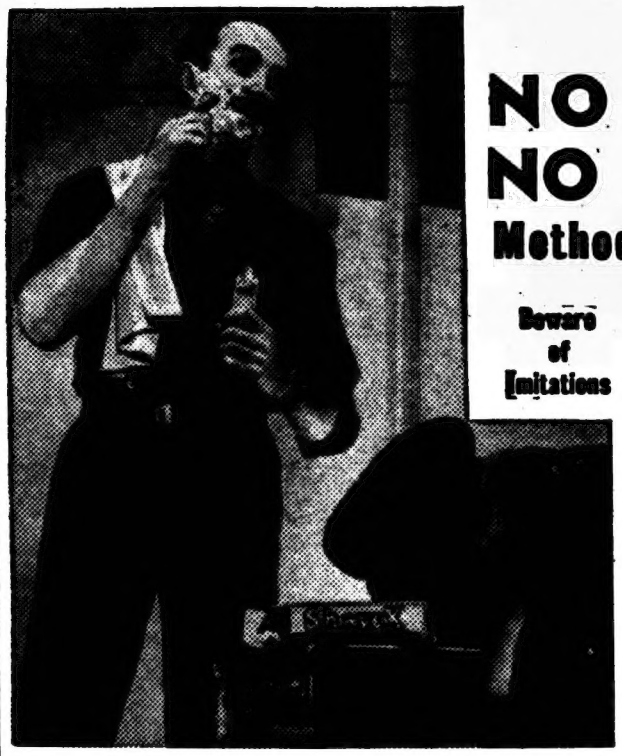
I need winding!

You need BOVRIL FOR HEALTH & STRENGTH

You must not *let* yourself get run-down. Drink Bovril regularly—and particularly when you get tired, or cold, or depressed. It will warm you up and cheer you up at once. More than that—Bovril helps you to get *full* nourishment from your food, and so keeps you well and active and strong.

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES



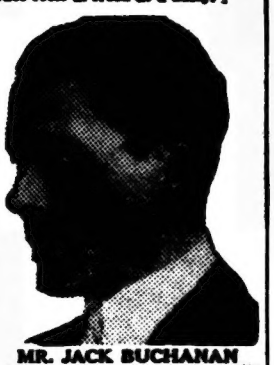
The

NO SOAP NO BRUSH Method of Shaving

Beware of Imitations

MR. JACK HULBERT says: "I'm an enthusiastic 'Shavex' user. To me 'Shavex' is the ideal method of shaving. It's quicker and a jolly sight more efficient. 'Shavex' gives me a perfect shave, and my face feels as fresh as a daisy."

MR. IVOR NOVELLO the celebrated author and composer, writes: "'Shavex' is a really splendid invention. I am so often asked to recommend preparations and can so seldom do so, but in this case my appreciation of your 'Shavex' is genuine. I shall always use it."



MR. JACK BUCHANAN the great actor-producer, writes: "I find 'Shavex' absolutely perfect for shaving. It is most refreshing and so easy, and it gives me the best shave I have ever had."

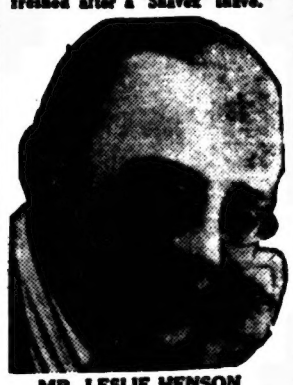
MR. RAYMOND MASSEY discusses SHAVEX "A strong beard's certainly weak to 'Shavex.' I should know! 'Shavex' certainly gives me the best shaves I've ever had, and one feels so refreshed after a 'Shavex' shave."

For Shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but if you have water just moisten your face before using SHAVEX. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles.

Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream. The first on the market.

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour, and find it wonderful. I get a fine, close, comfortable shave and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."



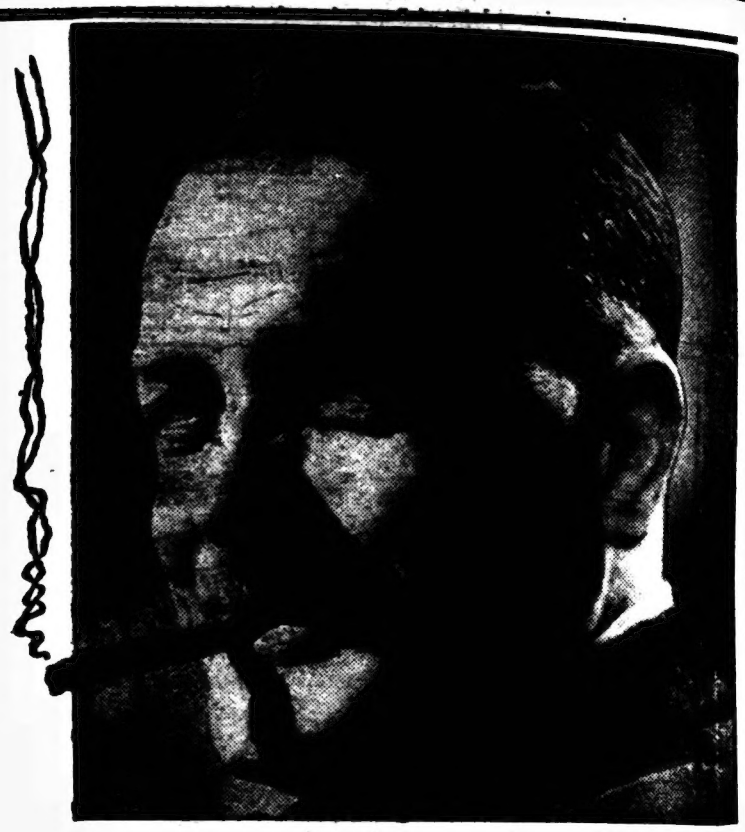
MR. LESLIE HENSON the famous actor, writes: "I use 'Shavex' every time I shave, and think it is the quickest, cleanest and most delightful preparation ever invented for shaving."

MR. RALPH LYNN the well-known actor, writes: "I consider 'Shavex' really splendid for shaving. It leaves the face soft and sweet, also removes the beard better than any shaving soap."

SHAVEX is sold in 6d. 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19.



Off duty—

Make it a Manikin

Hang that helmet on the peg, commandeer the easiest chair, help yourself to a Manikin. After duty you're due for a spell of quiet contentment of which the mild Havana flavour and fragrance of Manikin Cigars is an unfailing source. You've earned this relaxation, so off duty make it a rule to make it a Manikin.

Manikin cigars

5 for 1/-

Metal Pocket Case 15 for 3/-

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD. • ESTABLISHED 1839 royde 3/6

PLEASE KEEP THIS CAREFULLY FOR REFERENCE.

"JOHN BULL'S"

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Policy

underwritten at **LLOYDS**

In Addition to

ALL-IN HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

SEE INSIDE

JOHN B

FREE AIR RA

underwritten at

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ALL-IN HOUSEHO

AIR RAID INSURANCE BENEFITS

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

payable to any Registered Reader of "JOHN BULL" or in the event of death the widow (or widower) of the Registered Reader or in default thereof the Legal Personal Representative t

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed in an Air Raid as defined hereunder.

£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife :—

£100 for total loss of both hands or both feet, or one hand and one foot.

£100 for total loss of all sight of both eyes.

£100 for total loss of one hand or one foot together with total loss of sight of one eye.

£50 for total loss of one hand or one foot.

£50 for total loss of all sight of one eye.

These Benefits will be paid to any Registered Reader of "JOHN BULL" provided that Death or loss of Limb or Sight is occasioned through accidental injury caused by any aircraft whether of enemy origin or of Allied or Home Defence Forces arising anywhere on land or on inland waterways in the United Kingdom or by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles or parts thereof or due to the collapse of buildings caused thereby or through being struck by any object displaced or projected as the result of aerial bombardment, and against poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released from any aircraft.

PROVIDED AS FOLLOWS :

The husband or wife of the Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of these Benefits. Applications for Benefit, which must be confined to one of the Benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the **Insurance Manager of "JOHN BULL," 128, Long Acre, W.C.2,** within seven days after death or loss as the case may be.

This Insurance will apply to Registered Readers who may be engaged on National Service, but not to risks while Flying, nor to Registered Readers who are serving members of His Majesty's Army, Navy, or Air Force. Benefits are payable only when death, dismemberment or loss of sight occurs within ninety days of the injury. The liability under this Insurance is limited to £100,000, and the proprietors of "John Bull" reserve the right to discontinue or make any amendments to these Benefits and/or Conditions by publication of seven days' notice in "John Bull." In any event these Benefits will terminate at midnight on the nineteenth day of October, 1940.

This Insurance is subject otherwise to the Conditions governing the All-in Household Benefits where applicable.

FOR SECUR T
SIGN THESE FO

CUT HERE

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

JOHN BULL

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date ..... PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 21/10/39.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR REGISTERED READERS

If you are already a Registered Reader of "John Bull" you automatically qualify for the full Benefits of "John Bull's" Air Raid Insurance and All-in Household Security Gift which cancel and supersede all Benefits previously in force. Simply keep this announcement carefully for future reference. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

PLEASE KEEP THIS CAREFULLY FOR REFERENCE.

BULL'S
D INSURANCE
at LLOYDS
ITION TO
LD SECURITY GIFT

ALL-IN HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

payable to any Registered Reader of "JOHN BULL" or in the event of death the widow (or widower) of the Registered Reader or in default thereof the Legal Personal Representative:

FIRE

£1,000—against loss by **fire** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£200—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire, involving the Registered Reader's home.

£100—in case of **death** of either under such circumstances.

£10—for **Medical Fees** for injuries directly caused by an outbreak of fire involving the Registered Reader's home.

£4—**per week** for both (or **£2** per week for either) up to 4 weeks for **disablement** under such circumstances.

£2—**per week** maximum **rent** during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

GAS EXPLOSION

£100—loss caused by explosion of **Gas** or **Domestic Boilers** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

STORM AND FLOOD

£300—loss caused by **Storm, Tempest** or **Flood** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

BURST HOT-WATER PIPES

£100—loss caused by bursting of **Hot-water Pipes** or **Water-heating Apparatus** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING

£300—loss caused by **Lightning** or **Thunderbolt** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

DAMAGE TO WIRELESS

£10—for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's **Wireless Apparatus** (including Aerials and Supports) licensed to and owned by him or her at his or her private address as registered.

BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING

£500—loss by theft arising from **burglary or housebreaking** of a Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects. Provided that first **£2** is borne by the Registered Reader.

£500—in case of death of husband and wife by **violence by burglars or housebreakers** entering the Registered Reader's home for the purpose of robbery.

£250—if one is killed under such circumstances.

£10—**Medical Fees** for injuries by violence under such circumstances.

£4—**per week** for both (or **£2** per week for either) up to 4 weeks for **disablement** under such circumstances.

CONDITIONS (a) This Scheme applies only to Registered Readers residing in and events occurring in the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over 15 years of age who has paid the appropriate subscription as a Postal Subscriber to "John Bull" or who has personally signed and forwarded to "John Bull's" Registration Department the prescribed Registration Form, and also given a signed order to a retail Newsagent either for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of "John Bull" or for a copy of "John Bull" to be reserved weekly for collection by such reader which has been continuously received from such Newsagent provided always that a Registered Reader over 70 years of age shall be entitled to all the Benefits of this Gift except those payable in respect of Death or Disablement.

(c) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of the Benefits.

(d) Applications for Benefit in respect of any one event, which must be confined to one of the Benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the **Insurance Manager, "John Bull," 128, Long Acre, W.C.2,** within forty-eight hours. Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his or her own expense together with the Certificate of Registration issued by "John Bull."

(e) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

Death or loss of limb or sight must result within ninety days after the accident and as a direct result of the injury. Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(f) No Benefits under the "Fire" Section will be given if the fire has not been reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, nor where the fire is due to incendiarism, war, riot, or civil commotion. Compensation for material damage or loss by fire, burglary or housebreaking or any of the events covered by Household Benefits will be subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any other Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of "John Bull" shall give no Benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted all such other remedies. Compensation will only be paid in respect of loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking provided: (a) immediate notice of such event or events is given to the police; (b) there is visible evidence of forcible entry of the dwelling-house or apartments; (c) the dwelling-house or apartments have been occupied for ordinary residence by the Registered Reader or a member of his or her household within fourteen days preceding the breaking and entering; (d) loss has not been occasioned or contributed to by the negligence of the occupier, his or her servant or agent; (e) the first £2 of any loss shall be borne by the Registered Reader, and (f) that in the case of jewellery and/or furs compensation will be limited to a maximum of £20 which sum shall also be the maximum amount payable for any single item included in the reader's loss. Any misrepresentation or wilful misstatement of fact shall disqualify an application.

(g) The Fire, Burglary and Housebreaking and other Household Benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture and personal effects excepting money in cash or the equivalent in his or her private dwelling-house (being of permanent construction and of a fixed location) or apartments in such dwelling-house or dwelling-rooms which are attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to the contents of business premises or stock-in-trade.

(h) To become recipient of Rent Benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment, which shall be deemed as rent.

(i) In order to comply with the requirements of the law the Proprietors of "John Bull" have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the Proprietors of "John Bull"), whose issued share capital is £1,971,000.

(j) The Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to these Benefits and/or Conditions by the publication of a notice in "John Bull," also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time. In any event, these Benefits will terminate at midnight of the nineteenth day of October, 1940.

(k) In case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, and a fresh order form lodged with the Newsagent, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed.

(l) In the event of any dispute between the Reader or any applicant under this gift and the Proprietors of "John Bull" the same shall be referred to arbitration in London in accordance with the statutory provisions for the time being in force applicable thereto and the obtaining of an award shall be a condition precedent to any right of action.

TY'S SAKE
RMS TO-DAY!

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 21/10/39.

PLEASE KEEP THIS CAREFULLY FOR REFERENCE.

JOHN BULL CARRIES ON

DESPITE the outbreak of War, "John Bull," with a mind only for its readers' welfare, decided to continue its Free Insurance Service to its readers. When this courageous step was recently first announced it brought forth a phenomenal mail from registered readers who, in no unstinted terms, praised "John Bull" for its characteristic attitude. Below are just three typical letters picked at random.

"Just a word of thanks to you for keeping your Family Insurance going.
"We are more than grateful and will continue to keep registered.
"We shall feel perfectly safe now, although we can't afford a big premium.
"All good wishes and very many thanks." A. B., Southend-on-Sea.

"Kindly permit me to express my sincere appreciation of the decision to 'carry on,' especially as to Free Insurance." N. J. M., Cardiff.

"I am writing a letter of appreciation with regard to your keeping on the Insurance policy for your Registered Readers.

"I feel you are playing a generous and perhaps a costly part in doing this. I feel that once more 'John Bull' is making his title good in doing whatever he can for the welfare of the people."
F. H., Hucknall.

But this is not all. "John Bull" now announces an even greater and more vital service for its readers, a service the magnitude of which far exceeds anything ever before offered by a journal to its readers. A service that comes at a time when millions are in need of it. It is a FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE Policy, underwritten at LLOYD'S. Think of it! It can be yours ABSOLUTELY FREE! A policy of this nature could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium. And now here is yet something more! This epoch-making offer is in addition to "John Bull's" "ALL-IN" HOUSEHOLD SECURITY GIFT. Such an unparalleled DOUBLE Security may sound almost incredible. But it's TRUE! It's yours for the asking. Turn overleaf at once, and if you are not already a registered reader of "John Bull" register NOW, on the Forms overleaf. If you are already registered, there is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 21, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

HITLER'S WAR ON GERMANY

SO Hitler is threatening to take over command on the Western Front.

We think this will worry General Brauchitsch more than it will General Gamelin.

He's So Afraid

Judging by the subdued but irritable tone in which the Fuehrer delivered his latest speeches, he's become the biggest victim of his own War of Nerves.

Jumping Nazis

You'll note the same irritability if you listen to the German broadcasts.

Note, too, the angrily worded denials of the "armistice" rumours that spread throughout Naziland last week.

Such things are symptoms of the disease afflicting the German leaders. That disease is Fear.

Hitler's Headaches

That fear, not any wishful thinking by our own people, should convince us of Hitler's secret desire for peace.

It would be folly to underrate Germany's war strength, but, as we've told you repeatedly, Hitler has plenty of headaches, and if he could sidestep the consequences of his own actions he would gladly do so.

Russia's Independence

He knows that no scheming will defeat the Allied blockade.

He knows that the trade agreement with Moscow will not overcome his disastrous lack of raw materials.

He knows that Russia is not eager to pull his charred chestnuts from the Allies' fire, but to keep her own fires burning brightly.

Hence her Baltic moves; her new agreement with Britain.

Sinews of War

Germany is short of rubber.

Her substitute for this sinew of war has failed.

She produces only one-third of the oil she needs.

Even if she could get the entire Rumanian supply, she would still be ruinously short.

She has enough copper for only eight months. She has still less of iron ore, manganese and other vital minerals.

Still Tighter Belts

And as for food . . . you know how tightly the German worker's belt has been drawn.

We'll add only this. The Nazi Minister for Agriculture recently boasted of 8,600,000 tons of wheat in reserve, nearly enough for a year.

Next day, official Nazi statistics were published. Although almost certainly faked on the optimistic side, they showed only 4,500,000 tons.

Boasting Again

Hitler's boasts can be discounted. Believe, instead, his belated assurances that "Germany has no reason to fight the Western Powers."

But he'll have to give us real peace proposals rather than generalisations.

Durable Peace

As Mr. Chamberlain said in Parliament last week, we must have guarantees of security. He made it clear that we are fighting for something more than the end of Hitlerism; we are looking beyond victory; we are aiming at a new world order in which every country's needs will be met.

Clear Answer

Three weeks ago, JOHN BULL appealed to the Prime Minister to state those aims. Now he has done so, in language almost identical with our own.

So now Britain's standpoint is plain. Even Hitler will have to rack his brains to misrepresent it.

Dangerous Pacifists

Here we break a lance with many pacifist organisations. JOHN BULL respects their ideals, however much we may disagree with their methods.

But a host of small groups, adulterated with cranks, can bring only contempt upon honest pacifism.

Better have a single real organisation that could help in shaping the world of to-morrow!

Chasing the Fuehrer

Another suggestion, made to and not by JOHN BULL, comes from the German Freedom League, a band of brave democrats worrying Hitler by its secret broadcasts.

The League asks for our opinion of its plan to seek Government backing for an International Democratic Brigade.

Up to Whitehall Now

This brigade could be used either for military action or for labour services in Britain, under the orders of the British High Command.

Well, we have no criticism to offer.

We see no reason to spurn the aid of exiled victims of Nazism whose credentials were above suspicion.

We commend the idea to Whitehall.

Gift for Nazis

Whitehall has an idea of its own.

It proposes to give Germany £2,500,000.

Yes, even now, when we're at war with Hitlerism and our income-tax has soared to 7s. 6d. in the pound!

Sir John is Shy

The money is in our account at the Bank of International Settlements.

Unless we claim it, it will go to Germany.

And Sir John Simon won't claim it!

They are in Need

We'd like him to devote the cash to improving allowances for soldiers' families. First child 5s., second 3s., third 2s., others a paltry 1s. apiece.

These rates must have been drawn up by some Brass Hat who has never had to live on less than a thousand a year.

(Continued on page 4)

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

A £200 Insurance Policy

Underwritten at Lloyd's

FREE

for every reader

TO-DAY, with characteristic enterprise and forethought, "John Bull" takes an unprecedented and historic step.

In the centre pages "John Bull" announces a Free Air Raid Insurance underwritten at Lloyd's for its registered readers. A policy of this nature could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium. This is in addition to an "all-in" Household Security Gift.

Here for you and yours is Double protection that is without parallel, double protection representing the most ambitious scheme ever to be launched by a journal for its readers.

Stop their Stampede to Safety: Italy's Next Mission

Now for two queries.

Can't officialdom stop young men rushing to safe jobs?

Young greengrocers and butchers are trying to become steelworkers, which is a Reserved Occupation. Foremen are obtaining dock clerkships for young relatives.

Outsiders are flocking to reopened mines, though local miners have been workless for years. We hear of a young porter finding work as a painter at an aerodrome through a relative's influence.

Comedians Only?

Why are concert singers and instrumentalists omitted from Service entertainments?

Many well-known singers are almost starving.

Surely they would be appreciated by Tommy, Jack and Bill, or are soldiers considered so shallow-minded by officialdom that comedians only are reckoned as suitable entertainers?

Made in U.S.A.

Confident that the American Neutrality Act will soon be amended, United States manufacturers are now confirming acceptance of large orders from Britain and France.

The Allies have already deposited gold backing exceeding £500,000,000 in American banks, as we told you four months ago. Well-armed merchantmen have been provisionally chartered.

Soviet to be Neutral?

After the final settlement of Russian claims in the Baltic it is likely that an official neutrality announcement may be issued by the Soviet to all European countries.

Italy's New Moves

Following the arrival of Signor Bastianini, new Italian Ambassador to London, Anglo-French-Italian conversations may be inaugurated.

There will probably be an attempt to settle all outstanding maritime differences, and the Mediterranean may soon be reopened to British shipping.

Certain substantial credits and a new trade agreement may also be discussed.

Balkan Bloc Grows

The Soviet-Turkish pact has brought the formation of a new Balkan bloc a stage nearer, according to Turkish reports.

Under Russian influence, all German nationals in South-Eastern Europe are to be repatriated as quickly as possible. On completion of this minority transfer, any claims by Germany for expansion in the Balkans will be rejected by the new bloc.

Burglars Evacuated

We've got no time for people who, when accommodating evacuees, complain about the slightest inconvenience. They should try the trenches.

Some of them have real reason to grouse.

The Bridgnorth family, for instance, who had two young burglars planted on them.

They carried out an amazing series of thefts throughout Bridgnorth.

Who's Responsible?

Seeing that these boys had charges of breaking and entering shops hanging over their heads when they left Liverpool, who, in heaven's name, dumped such young criminals on a respectable family?

Parent's Problems

Cheap railway tickets again mean better chances for parents to visit evacuated children!

Hospital Scandal Creates Need for

National Medical Service

EVEN the curse of war can produce blessings. It can introduce a national medical service, which JOHN BULL has long demanded; a service that would be the finest in the world.

This can—and *must* be done. ....

It must be done swiftly. Hospitals have been the first casualties in the nation's fight.

The sick are being turned away. Urgent cases only can find beds in hospitals of our big cities.

The skill of our finest specialists is being wasted. Thousands of lesser but highly trained doctors are faced with bankruptcy.

Many of the most famous voluntary hospitals in London are now existing precariously on weekly cheques from the Ministry of Health.

There's a simple explanation.

Our medical services have been so admirably organised (on the whole) for war purposes that their ordinary functions have been utterly disorganised!

Two hundred thousand beds for casualties are ready, with staff and equipment. But there is little room for ordinary patients, because these beds must be kept vacant.

London patients cannot be admitted into hospitals run by authorities of other counties.

Similarly, many of our most brilliant surgeons and physicians, sent to hospitals outside London to deal with air raid casualties, find that they cannot treat local invalids whose lives they might be able to save.

In other cases, specialists are being encouraged to return to London. They come back to twiddle their thumbs, their practices having disappeared.

Out-patient departments are now being reopened in London and other vulnerable cities. So are the diabetic and other special clinics on which depend the lives of thousands.

The time has come for a complete State medical service. There is ample evidence that the medical profession itself would now welcome this step.

The entire hospital service must be brought under national control. It must no longer have to depend on the favours of the rich or the pennies of the poor.

Doctors must be allowed to use their skill to the utmost—and be given the rewards they earn.

Above all, it must be done quickly.

But still no comprehensive scheme for making travel easier, for preventing extortion.

One man, with his wife and baby, couldn't get a 'bus from the railway station to the village where his older children were billeted. After an hour's wait, he went to a garage.

There he was told that the charge for a lift would be 9s., compared with the 'bus fare of 1s. 3d.

Eventually, we're glad to say, a private motorist provided a free journey.

Skilled Men Only

We're glad, too, that the comb-out of A.R.P. goes on. But it's not only the soft-job seekers who must be weeded out.

Many of the demolition and rescue squads include men of no experience. They might harm rather than aid people they are to extricate from ruined buildings.

Yet plenty of skilled housebreakers are available.

Remember This!

Wilts County A.R.P. Officer announces that it is not now considered necessary for people in villages and small towns to carry gas masks unless they go far from their homes.

German airmen in Spain and later in Poland concentrated on attacking villages and small towns.

Knowledge Somewhere

Unfortunate in more ways than one that the building of deep air raid shelters goes on so slowly.

Some local authorities have had plans altered by Whitehall half a dozen times before the job has been finished, and always "in the light of new knowledge."

Somebody's learning something—even in Whitehall!

Cement Jackets

After the winter, thousands of sandbags will need replacement. Is that demand being anticipated? If not, what will the price of sandbags be?

Meanwhile, a coating of cement would help to preserve the bags already in use.

Nazi Greetings!

Here's another war irony. British warehouses are full of Christmas-cards bought from Germany before the war.

Scores of millions of them!

Some importers may scrap their purchases and bear the loss. Some may sell them to retailers.

So, if you get a Nazi Christmas-card this year, don't think we're still trading with Germany.

Mixed Colours

No black looks on the faces of white paint manufacturers.

Their factories are still working night and day, an army of men are trying to turn our streets into Great White Ways.

Strange that it should have taken an unsuccessful Austrian house-painter to paint Britain white and daub half Poland with Russian red!

Dark Dealing

There's more light needed in the candle trade. Prices are soaring because a few big combines have a monopoly of the raw material.

Smaller firms and the public are held to ransom.

A State searchlight should be directed on the dark dealings of these monopolies.

Tell Them, Somebody

State Departments themselves deserve unwelcome publicity. For commandeering autocracy continues.

A Market Rasen contractor has had his only lorry seized, his business ruined, though larger contractors in the town have escaped.

A Nuneaton contractor, whose vehicles have been taken for ambulances, cannot obtain even the inadequate payment he should receive.

Somebody in Whitehall must be told that we're fighting against Hitlerism, not for it.

Rates of "Pay"

Rate of pay for women of eighteen in the land army is 28s. And they deserve it.

Rate of pay for men of the same age, experienced, fully trained, doing the heaviest and hardest of farm work, is 23s. 9d.

Enough said!

Now You Know

This reminds us of the Ministry of Information official, with a salary of £1,00[illegible] a year, who has to type his own letters.

Regulations permit him to apply for a professional man as his assistant, but not for a typist.

So now you know what is meant by "economy in high places."

Hitler has made his own cage, and will perish there! Says A. G. GARDINER

HITLER, his hands dripping with the blood of his latest victims, has made his "offer" and has received his reply.

It was the only reply that the Governments could make or that the peoples of Britain and France would have tolerated.

This point needs to be emphasised for urgent reasons.

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A GREAT OCCASION IN OUR HISTORY WHEN THE PUBLIC OPINION OF THIS COUNTRY HAS BEEN SO UNANIMOUS OR SO DECISIVELY THE INSPIRATION OF POLICY AS IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF TO-DAY.

The Churches, the Press, the political Parties, the trade unions, indeed, every section of the community, are of one mind in this great crisis.

There are, of course, little pockets of Fascists or Communists here and there who pursue their ends after their mischievous fashion, but they are so contemptible in numbers and influence as to be negligible.

This fact is well known here. It is, unfortunately, less well known abroad.

Shaw Writes for—Goebbels

The tradition of free speech is one of the glories of our democratic system, but it has its penalties.

When, on the morrow of Hitler's seizure of Austria, Mr. Bernard Shaw threw up his hat and shouted, "Heil Hitler!" in the columns of an evening paper, no one here was shocked, for we have long learned to discount the Shavian buffooneries.

Nor does it matter to us that he should now be engaged in telling the world how right the Hitlers or Stalins are as compared with those who represent this country and shape its policy.

But it does matter that these things should be broadcast by Goebbels and lapped up by the German people as representing some body of British opinion.

Naturally they assume that if such things can be said in the Press of this country it must mean that he has a powerful section of public opinion with him.

What is the use of our scattering leaflets over Germany declaring that we will not make peace with Hitlerism, while Goebbels can print in every newspaper and broadcast into millions of homes Shaw's remarks about Hitler's "realistic" policy?

End of the Reign of Terror

I refer to the matter only in order to clear the minds of the German people of the impression that what Shaw says represents the view of any responsible or popular element in British public opinion.

It is a hopeless task, for Goebbels, who gives such joyous publicity to Shaw's mischievous dialectics, takes good care that the real temper of the British people is not disclosed in the German Press or on the German wireless.

But the truth prevails in the end, and Hitler and "his party of wicked men" at least know that it is the British Government and no one else who speak the mind of the British people.

That mind, I repeat, has been made up with a unanimity and an inflexible purpose that nothing will shake.

Europe is to be delivered from the reign of terrorism. It will be done only by British tenacity typified by Mr. Winston Churchill.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE ARE RESOLVED THAT THE CURSE OF HITLERISM SHALL BE LIFTED, AND LIFTED NOW.

We have come to the end of our patience, and at whatever cost Europe must be delivered from the reign of Terrorism that has been its lot for the past two or three years.

And it can and will be so delivered. The writing is on the wall for all to decipher. And it is Hitler, and not we, who needs to tremble at the meaning of that writing.

In the swift movement of events it is plain to see that the tide is flowing powerfully against him.

The breach with Italy and the Southern European Powers deepens and widens. With every outrage by his submarines in the Baltic the anger of the Oslo Powers towards him hardens and their sympathy with the democracies becomes more decided.

His one great diplomatic achievement in Russia is a boomerang that has turned to smite him. What Stalin's ultimate designs are we can only guess.

It may be that he seeks to promote chaos in Europe in order to spread the brand of tyranny of which he is the diabolical agent, and that to achieve his end he will give what encouragement he can to Hitler to wage his own war with the democracies.

For a common hatred of democracy and freedom is the only bond that unites these two tyrants.

BUT WHATEVER STALIN'S GAME MAY BE, IT IS NOT HITLER'S. AND IT IS HITLER WITH WHOM WE HAVE TO DEAL NOW.

The price he has paid for the vague and undefined support of Stalin is catastrophic.

He has made the enemy against whom he thundered and into whose fat pastures he was going to lead his triumphant armies—he has made him the master of Eastern Europe from the Black Sea to the Baltic.

The shadow of Russia darkens his sky. Not on land alone, but on sea. The unchallenged empire of the Baltic is his no longer.

Stalin has jumped his claim to the Baltic States. Their ports are in his hands.

Thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, banished from the lands their families have held for centuries, are being deported to unknown regions in Germany—that Germany which only yesterday was so short of "living space."

But this is not all. The moral effect of this terrific surrender to Bolshevism has staggered the German people and destroyed the one commodity which Hitler cannot afford to lose.

That commodity is prestige. No dictator, as Napoleon said long ago, can survive loss of prestige.

He must always be crowned with victory or he is doomed.

The overwhelming victory of Stalin over Hitler has shattered Germany's faith in Hitler. And in shattering it, it has brought a new terror into its terror-stricken soul.

Nazism was tolerated by millions who hated it, because it at least seemed to offer an impregnable defence against Bolshevism.

And behold Bolshevism in its most formidable shape is at its doors.

Bolshevism is Germany's ally—on its own terms.

Bolshevism is seizing all the keys of power, blocking its path to the East, menacing its constitution within.

Hitler Digs His Own Grave

What will be the effect upon Germany of this astounding collapse we cannot foresee.

Anything is possible. Much depends upon the inscrutable designs of Stalin.

One can imagine a convulsion within Germany which will shake the distracted nation to its foundation—a clash between the rival tyrannies for the possession of power, the triumph of Communism, a military coup, a jehad against Russia—anything that is violent and terrible.

But if the fate of Germany is incalculable, the fate of Hitler is visibly taking shape.

He is like a bird caught in a room, beating its wings in vain against walls and doors, windows and ceilings in desperate efforts to escape.

He has made his own cage and will perish there. What will happen after, who can tell?

MOTHER and SON

—What do they say when they write to each other in wartime? Numerous readers have answered our invitation to send extracts from their own letters, and we give on this page a selection of the best. There is inspiration for all in these simple but courageous human documents.

Why not send us copies of your own letters—or, at least, those passages which are not too private for other eyes? We will pay 10s. 6d. for each letter quoted. Address: JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Mark your envelope "Son" in top left corner. Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed if you wish your letter to be returned.

My dear Boy

WHAT a relief to get your letter. We are always on the alert for the postman these days, and when he passes our door our hearts go down into our boots.

We try to cheer ourselves up by saying the next one will bring something from you, and when that goes by, too, we hardly dare trust ourselves to speak to each other.

But still, here's all the news in your nice long letter, even if some of it is the kind that makes a mother wonder. For instance, you speak of champagne being very cheap and that it gives you a millionaire's headache next morning. Are you speaking from hearsay or experience?

Dad says you are pulling my leg, but I wonder.

I have made the air raid shelter look nice with plants on top, and I have been weeding the garden path, but have had to abandon it for a slight cold.

We've got the bulbs in for springtime. And what do you think—that root you brought home turns out to be Michaelmas daisy, the mauve kind.

Dad had a very bad five minutes when your civilian kit came back, but he keeps fairly cheerful now.

All your talk about French coffee makes me pretty jealous, I can tell you. I hope you don't criticise mine when you get back.

* * *

Swansea.

I do hope you have passed your E.R.A. test and come out as a full-blown artificer.

And now for the news about Pam (*sister of the soldier concerned*). She was home last week-end. She looks so much better for being on the land.

This is her last week of training and then they find her a job on a farm. She has now done poultry training completely, including killing, and this week it will be horses and tractor-driving.

She was third in the milking test, and is in a fine crowd who, although near a big camp, are most circumspect with the soldiers.

Her one trouble is that she has got such an appetite nowadays—she can get all the food she wants, mind you, but has a dread of becoming too stocky.

Auntie is up and about again. She went to the pictures to see "The Little Princess." Not bad at 83, is it? She asks every day: "Have you heard from Peter and Pam?" and everybody is happy if I can say "Yes."

If you could only get home on leave together, and that soon——.

* * *

Harrow.

Dad came home bursting with excitement the other day, and made me sit in the kitchen with my eyes shut saying there was a surprise for me.

I heard a lot of whispering in the hall, and then somebody tip-toed into the room. "Open your eyes, mother," he said, and who do you think it was?

Young Bob! He had just got home after being torpedoed in the *Courageous*. He was cool as a cucumber, although he had been in the water three hours before being picked up by a destroyer.

I went round to see his mother later. She couldn't take her eyes off him. When he went out to see his girl, she said to me: "You know, when all this is over I think the word home will have a more real meaning for me. I think it will for all of us. I wonder sometimes whether I have been all that I should have been."

I told her not to fret herself, for you know how good she has been. *She* went hungry when her husband was out of work, which you may not remember. Bob and his brother never had to feel the pinch. The way she has looked after them since their father died, and to say that she isn't all she should have been!

* * *

Yorkshire.

I've had four 'phone calls from your firm about something you should have sent them. They tell me it is all a matter of form, but you know how I worry. Do let them have it, whatever it is.

I wish I could tell you in writing how your news cheers us all up, but I am so bad at expressing myself. I think you understand, even if my words sound ordinary.

Dear Mum

I NEVER thought I should stay in a house with grape vines round the walls!

The people in the village are simple souls and very kind to us, and are very patient with the brand of French we use—*main sewer for monsieur*.

I've got old Ellison to do my shopping for me. He points out things, grunts, pulls faces, and the deal comes off. But I don't think I can pull the right faces, because they don't understand me.

* * *

(From a Battleship, Many Miles from Home.)

There is a pub ashore, or I suppose they would call it a pub. But for the fact that they only let twenty-five of us ashore at a time, it would do good business, for the nearest rival is about a thousand miles away.

We had a whip round the mess before we left—two bob a nob—to buy draughts and other games.

I thought I had said good-bye to Ludo for good when I was about ten, but here I am getting all het up about becoming Ludo champion!

You couldn't wish for a better bunch of chaps, especially one who looks like George Formby and keeps us all in fits from breakfast to supper and half the night.

I wonder if you could reach me with a line and sinker?

Some of our chaps have caught beautiful mackerel, cod and dogfish from the top deck.

One of our fellows caught a porthole, and the chap sent down to release his line tied a lump of suet pudding on the end.

Ma, your dutiful son has been hearing a bit of bad language—when that pudding was hauled up, I mean.

* * *

Somewhere in France.

I am writing after church parade. It was a very good sermon—a lot better than we get in our church. And there was no collection!

Believe me, Army life isn't at all bad, except that when dad says he peeled all the potatoes in the world in the last war it wasn't quite the truth.

He must have left some for seed, because they are still finding spuds for me to peel.

Now, don't you go getting downhearted, mother. I am all right. Why shouldn't I be, with the whole British Army looking after me?

And tell dad to drop that nonsense about saving my allotment money for me.

You must both spend it. Paying more in taxes, etc., is going to be one of your shares of fighting this war, and that allotment should save you making inroads on your little savings.

Has Rover got over the good hiding Ben ——'s dog gave him? Poor Rover, just like Hitler, always looking for war.

* * *

(From a Scots Soldier Abroad.)

I am sending you a little book by one of our most famous Scots, the late Sir James Barrie. It is called "Courage." Please read it, mother. It is an inspiration.

If I had the money I would give it to every soldier in the British Army.

Keep your courage, mother, till the whistle blows time.

* * *

From France.

I was a bit depressed about hearing from nobody and then the post came up —six letters for me, two from Olive, one from you, one from dad, one from Bill Gillett and one from Jack Knight.

The letter from dad filled me up a bit. I hope I am worthy of being thought so much of.

I try. And, anyhow, I am proud that he thinks it.

* * *

(From "Somewhere out East.")

Keep all your chins up and remember
that we are all in it together, mother.
There's something fine about thinking
you are working together in a great task.
Takes your mind off the little irritations.
I don't think there will be any food
shortage this time, because I have had
a peep at the Navy on our way out. I'd
like to see the German navy stopping
them from getting food through!

This is Happening to Me

It's a Brave New World

This school-master, writing from "somewhere in England," describes what is happening to him now he is evacuated with his pupils because of the war. What is happening to you? The school-master gives his picture of the evacuation. What is your story? Anyway, describe your war-time adventures. JOHN BULL *allows you space and pays for everything published according to length.*

FOR eighteen years I have been city-bound, teaching in city schools surrounded by bricks and mortar, smoke, noisy traffic, cinemas, asphalt pavements and soot-laden atmosphere.

In and out of school I have rarely escaped from the streets. And now I am in the heart of the country—evacuated with my children!

No smoke, no traffic, no cinema, no pavement—and no noise.

Every interest in our daily life is new. I am discovering with my eager scholars the intoxication of fresh air, the names and beauty of wayside grasses and flowers, the delights of studying the multitude of beautiful birds and insects, and the names and grandeur of ancient trees.

We can read the history of village churches in the stones, the history of the land in its soil. We can study the activities of farm life, ploughing, harrowing, sowing, harvesting, dairywork, poultry breeding and the anxieties of market gardening.

A blackboard, tattered books, a loudspeaker, maps and a deal of drudgery—by these tokens we learned our lessons in the past.

Now we are learning geography, history, land prospecting—even arithmetic—at the fountain-head of Nature. Knowledge springs from the ground over which we are walking.

This is a new education in a new world, a brave new world giving us a new outlook on life despite all the darkening shadows of war.

And I am never far from my pupils. A partner now in their young lives, I am also teacher, friend, adviser and parent.

FRED J. CLIFFORD.

Open Letters

Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH, M.P.

DEAR SIR REGINALD,—I can give housewives one piece of good news. Meat rationing may be postponed because there is more meat available than butchers can sell!

But you cannot be pleased. You must regret that beasts that may be needed later are being wastefully slaughtered now.

You must deplore the idiocy of sending all cattle to a particular centre, from there to another centre twenty miles away for slaughter, and the return of the carcases to the original centre, before being distributed to butchers.

Again, as Minister for both Agriculture and Fisheries, you are surely indignant that *your* plans for conserving the nation's food are being twisted by ignorant officials over whom you have no control.

The fish muddle wasted tens of thousands of tons of good food and brought hardship to fishermen and public alike.

One skipper, landing a load worth £830, has had £282 deducted for Government expenses. Others cannot receive a penny for hauls that have fetched good prices.

It has had to be officially admitted that artificial shortages of various foods have been caused through distribution. So again your good work is ruined.

Enough to make him weep!

Public criticism has failed to get these muddles abolished. But criticism within the Government would surely be heeded by responsible Ministers.

Raise your voice at Cabinet meetings, refuse to allow your efforts to be wasted—and you'll earn the thanks of the whole country.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA, M.P.,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Though your neuralgia is getting better, your Department is giving pain to many soldiers' wives.

Their husbands are being sent abroad without a chance to say farewell. Even those who manage to secure draft leave cannot get home because they are not given travelling warrants and cannot afford the railway fare.

Now give neuralgia to the muddlers responsible for this hard-heartedness!—JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEES

GENTLEMEN,—We need a new Means Test to atone for the brutal cynicism that has besmirched much of your work.

Do not believe suave Sir John Simon, who asserts that living costs are not rising. See for yourself how heavy are the fresh burdens placed on the very poor. See that P.A.C. allowances are generously increased.

A woman tells me that her husband is seriously ill with tuberculosis. Good food is essential to maintain the health of herself and her children who are in contact with him.

"Yet," she says, "I could cry when I go shopping. If I buy good food, my youngsters must go without warm clothes and the shoes they need for the winter."

A typical case, as you should know. Now prove that you deserve your title.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Three little symptoms of a prevalent lunacy:—

A London woman waited three days for an ambulance to take her aged lodger to hospital. The ambulance was being kept in reserve in case of air raids.

A Stockton-on-Tees workman, injured at a first-aid post, was sent to hospital in a stand-by van. Next day, the first-aid nurses were reprimanded for promptly using the van—and saving the man's life.

A London man, with both legs broken in a street mishap, was picked up by an A.R.P. ambulance that had no splints or dressings of any kind.

In the name of Humanity, end such dangerous folly!—JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. H. YEO,
Somerford Keynes, Glos.

DEAR VICAR,—It's been left to you to attack one of the minor muddles of evacuation. I'm glad you are going to continue with your protests.

Boys billeted in your village have to tramp six miles to and from school, along lonely roads that have no footpaths, because juniors only can be accommodated at the local school.

As you say, transport should be provided.

What a refreshing contrast you are to such parsons as the Rev. Bennett Banks, who finds it "loathsome" to have to care for evacuees, and rejoices because many are going back to their "dirty" homes!—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL,
Salisbury

SIRS,—Your stubborn stupidity convinces me that Bumbledon is still alive.

Despite the Government's appeal for higher poultry production, you don't consider it "in the public interest" that council tenants should be allowed to keep fowls.

Greybeards, don't you realise that Britain is at war and needs more home food than ever?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. DINGLE FOOT, M.P.,
Tufton Court, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. FOOT,—You should soon gain a reputation as the friend of Servicemen and their families.

I was first to remark that new war pensions are far meaner than those granted in the last war, in some cases, only half as much. You are the first to heckle the Minister of Pensions on the subject, and to attack him day by day.

I shall continue to deal with him in print. I trust you will not cease to remind Parliament of his shortcomings.—JOHN BULL.

A.R.P. OVERLORDS,
Margate

WORTHY SIRS,—There's a delightful story being spread at your expense.

It's said that you have attached an air raid syren to a laundry chimney. When the laundry is closed at week-ends a boiler fire has to be kept burning in case the syren has to be sounded, consuming a ton of coal for which the laundry must pay.

Last week-end, stokers went on strike, weary of their unrecognised vigil. Anyhow, they receive no direct warning of a raid. They just have to wait for the other town syrens to give them the signal to put their own in operation.

Tell me, are you trying to outdo the freakish fun of the Ministry of Information?—JOHN BULL.

Sir W. MONCKTON, K.C.,
Chief Censor

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Some of your censors are so hawk-eyed they could find "dangerous secrets" in household recipes.

Others are so short-sighted that they should be supplied with magnifying-glasses.

While the award of medals to Air Force heroes is hushed up, aeroplane manufacturers advertise daily for workers, giving the exact addresses of their factories.

No doubt your excellent appointment as Chief Censor will put a full stop to such ironies.—JOHN BULL.

Imaginary Interviews on the Black-out 'Bus.

"LITTLE MAN, you've had a busy day!"

OLD 'ard, Sir, and mind that 'ere portfolio! "Full of important documents?" You're telling me! Soon as ever I clapped eyes on you, with your black coat and your glasses and your striped pants *and* the leather case *and* the umbrella I knew you was one of "the governing classes"—wot some people call the White'all Washouts!

* * *

"You don't work in White'all?" I'll bet you don't, Governor! You're dahn at the Super-Marine 'Otel at Sathend or the Extra-Palatial at 'Arrogate, or, maybe, seeing you're on this old 'bus of mine, you're still in the Bloomsbury Palace of the Mystery of Misinformation!

Wot's that you say: "'Ow dare I make fun of a permanent civil servant, retired, trying to do 'is bit?"

Not me, Governor; you've got me all wrong! I don't blame any bloke with a six 'undred a year pension for digging 'imself into a Government Department at twenty quid a week. But, strike me rainbow coloured if I can guess 'oo gives you your job!

Titles ain't so 'ot, they tell me, but you just cast an eye over the latest Blue Books—the ones wot list all the departmental officials with their screws—and *then* tell me blue blood don't count! Sir Tom, Sir Dick and Sir 'Arry; Lady Maud, Lady Mabel and Lady Mary: are they holding down the fat jobs, or are they not?

"Nothing like all of 'em's got titles," you say? No, I know they 'aven't. But most of 'em 'ave the right school ties and 'oo knows 'ow many O.B.E.'s are in the bag already, just waiting to be dished aht!

The Civil Service is the backbone of government—sez you!—and the permanent officials 'as *got* to be permanent—'ence the name, like the sandbags?

* * *

All right. But do we *'ave* to call up all the 'as-beens and the never-wassers?

There's thasands and thasands of "black coats" out of work, dahn at 'eel and drawing the dole—if they're lucky—'oo could do *any* clerical work at *any* ministry at practically *any* salary. But, blimey, 'oo wants *them*?

Don't I remember the last war?

I should say I do! Call up the Civil Service pensioners; call up the wire-pullers; rally the Old School; remember 'is Nibs's nephew and don't forget 'er ladyship's niece—there's jobs for all the right people and 'oo the 'ell cares about the others?

* * *

You're quite right. Things 'aven't changed much. That's wot makes me and my pals so wild. We 'aven't got any clawss prejudice, but we would like to see the best men and the best girls in the best jobs.

Wot's that, Sir; getting off 'ere? Well, if you must, you must. I wouldn't "take you for a ride," not me! . . . But wait a minute: 'aren't you forgetting your blinking attaché-case? And all the important documents, every one of 'em in triplicate?

Don't mention it, Governor; only too 'appy to oblige! My pal's a taxi driver and 'e's 'ad to turn in 'arf a dozen of them little black bags to Scotland Yard since the war started.

I've got enough to do as it is: *I* don't want to collect "secret and confidential" documents off the top deck of *this* 'bus. Not likely, Governor, there's a war on!

Grin and Bear It!

ACCORDING to semi-demi official military commentators, Germany is planning an offensive through (a) Belgium, (b) Holland, (c) Switzerland, (d) Baffin's Land.

If none of these plans is adopted, it is considered not unlikely that some other plan will be.

In any case, evidence is accumulating to show that unless the attack is launched before October 31 it will in all probability be postponed until November or even later.

Meanwhile, the opinion is widely held that any thrust against the Maginot Line will be resisted by the French.

Another opinion, even more widely held, is that unless these word-spinning military prophets go and bury themselves Sir John Simon should be urged to bring in a brand-new Excess Prophets Duty.

* * *

Another Ultimatum

Since the Minister of Labour has let it be known that he "deprecates any unnecessary curtailment in the purchase of women's clothing," ultimatums galore are being delivered on the Home Front:—

I'm off to town,
For Mr. Brown,
The Minister of Labour,
Has said that I
A dress should buy;
No, not to spite my neighbour!
It's just to aid
The nation's trade—
It really is, I swear it!
Also a pat-
Riotic hat
I mean to get and wear it,
To do my bit the war to win,
So you, my dear, will have to grin
And bear it!

* * *

Sez 'Enery

"Did you read 'Itler?" asked 'Enery.

"You mean his latest speech to the Reichstag?"

"That's right—the same one as 'e's bin makin' for donkey's years—the 'orror of Versigh an' 'ow 'e only wants peace, perfec' peace.

"Strewth, they tork abaht 'im 'avin' those doubles, but wot beats me is that 'e don't 'ave a trained parrot to make that there speech whenever it's time for the pore blinkin' Fritzes to 'ear another pernouncement from their Foohrer."

"It's certainly an idea—if he could get the right parrot."

"Don't you worry abaht that, mate. Why, there's a 'ole 'eap of blokes jest yearnin' to give 'im the bird!"

* * *

Elizabeth Leaves Her German Garden

Elizabeth Ebertin, the astrologer, has disappeared from her home in Breslau. She is said to be the only person, except the Fuehrer himself, who knows the exact hour of Hitler's birth.

Only Elizabeth knows
Just when the deed was done,
And lately she's begun to wilt,
As if somehow she shared the guilt,
And so from home she's run!

Only Elizabeth knows,
And, brooding upon the past,
From kith and kin is moved to fly,
For day and night she's haunted by
The "horror"-scope she cast!

* * *

Chicken Feed

According to a German broadcast, every soldier from Berlin who becomes a father for the tenth time will receive a chicken every Sunday.

His wife, on the other hand, will receive two ounces of butter every now and then.

* * *

Evacuated Egbert

Capt. L. F. Plugge, M.P., wants supplies of fish and chips made available for evacuees, so that they will feel more at home in the country.

Down among the hedgerows, where the skies are mostly blue,

"I'm off to town"

And grass and trees and poultry and cows are all on show,
Egbert Albert and the gang find heaps of things to do,
But still their thoughts keep turning back to Lilac Row.

Back to Lilac Row, less fragrant than its name,
But home, sweet home to Egbert and "Stinker," all the same;
The wholesome food they're getting is not the grub they know,
And so they yearn for fish an' chips back in Lilac Row!

Pitching rocks at rabbits or catching frogs is fine,
But still, as sport, there's time when Egbert Albert finds it's slow
Compared with shouting insults at P.C. 49,
Or fixin' up a "grotto" back in Lilac Row.

Back in Lilac Row, where there's a coffee-stall,
And, close at hand, a fun fair, an' lights an' fights an' all,
An' smells a bloke is used to—that's where he wants to go—
When Hitler's gone and shot his bolt—back to Lilac Row!

* * *

Don't Forget to Write!

S'long. Can't stop now. Going out as special war correspondent of the *Dead End Weekly Gazette*.

France? No, no. Easter Island.

I'll get to know just as much there.

What do you say? Oh, you've gone! I don't blame you.

Y. Z.

Old Bill on the Home Front

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, I've poured it out for yer, but the warden says you mustn't take it off for another hour yet"

Through Other Eyes

Goebbels: "Brave German people, you can do without meat, without butter, without bread——"

German Public: "We'd rather have them, and do without Hitler."

—Akher Saa, Egypt.

"The Fuehrer is going to march into Holland."

"Yes——on his way to Doorn."

—Marianne, Paris.

The Rev. Pat McCormick

renowned radio-pastor and Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, continuing his "John Bull" articles, the first he has ever written for the press, advocates

The Power of Prayer

SOON after the war started I got an anonymous letter from a chap who signed himself "An Old Fossil." He said something of this sort:

"More than 3,000,000 people have been praying daily for Peace and the only answer we have got is a gas-mask; I don't believe in your Heavenly Father."

You may be, perhaps, one of those who feel something like that. I hope not; but I know a lot of people are worried about the value of prayer, so let us think this subject out.

First, let me say that vast numbers of people believe in the power of prayer and get tremendous help from it, not because they get what they ask for, but because they know that, having a spiritual nature—that which differentiates them from the animals—they must keep in touch with the fountain of all spiritual life, God.

Prayer is not for them a means of getting things out of God, bombarding Him with requests. If I may put it simply, it's a talk with a Friend.

We call Him Father because Jesus Christ told us to, and may I say at once that I think the use of that name is much better for our ordinary prayers than 'Almighty God,' especially in view of what I said last week, that people imagine 'Almighty' means that God can do anything, even things contrary to His nature.

Our Lord said, you remember, "When you pray, say Our Father."

MY correspondent seems to imagine that because three million people prayed for Peace, therefore our Father ought to have given it and stopped any possibility of war.

He could only have done that by forcing Hitler to change his skin, as it seems to me, for Hitler was determined to get what he wants by force.

But, as we saw last time, our Father will not force any of His children. Millions of people all over the world have been praying for peace, but we can't have peace while some nations are determined to use force.

So God cannot give peace till the hearts of men and nations are changed; and that we have got to pray for when we pray for peace.

God will not force men's minds, but He does bring about conditions by which men begin to desire peace and see the foolishness of their ways.

I think we can see a change in our own nation. In 1914, we entered rather light-heartedly on war. In 1939, we loathed the thought of it, and only entered on it because we had to.

EVERY NATION'S NEED

By "J. M."

There is no Nation in the World whose People
do not need,
The Common Things of Living, to have their
Country free
Of plots and treacheries and wars, and nerves
kept on the wrack,
While they live in Spans of Painful Pause, and
Convulsions of Attack.

There is no Nation in the World, that does not
crave to build,
A better land to live in, instead of being killed;
And for this Human Right, all Nations will find
their Soul,
And rise as One to bring defeat, to the plunderers
in control.

There is no Nation in the World, that can turn
its face away,
From religion and the Finer Things, that touch the
Common Clay;
With a spark that is immortal, for this is Life's
Greatest Cause,
It is the urge which makes all Men, pursue re-
demption's wars.

There is no Nation in the World, that views not
with dismay,
The Evil Power of Brutal Force, which must be
kept at Bay;
So in the end the World will find, the Plain Man
in the Street,
Of Every Nation going forth, The Aggressors to
Defeat.

Our Father always answers prayers, but the answer is not always what we want, and to realise this we ought to remember the story of the little girl.

She had prayed for a fine day for her birthday and it simply poured with rain. Her nurse scoffed and said, "There you are—God never answered your prayer."

The child replied, "Oh, yes He did. The answer was 'No.'"

God cannot always give us what we want. It might hurt us if He did, or it might harm one of His other children.

But, being our Father, He will always do His best to give us what is good for us.

The thing to notice about Prayer is to follow our Lord's way. When He gave the disciples the Lord's Prayer, He said, "after this manner pray ye." It is therefore an example of the right way of praying.

Now notice these things: First, it's a family prayer, not for ourselves, but for all His children. Again, almost the first half of the prayer is about God and not ourselves:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven."

We think of Him first and pray that His children may honour and worship Him, that His rule of love may reign in the world, and that we, His children, may do what He wants.

That makes us think: what does He want, what can we do to help His reign of love and so on?

YOU see what it means. It means thinking and listening and putting God's needs first before we think of ourselves or others.

That puts us in touch with the big things of life at once. Prayer is talking to God quite naturally, but it is also thinking about God and what He wants first.

This is important. If we believe God is our Father, we naturally want to please Him, don't we? Any child who really loves his parents, wants to do that.

Religion isn't merely a question of being good, as we call it; it's a question of trying to do what God wants, and seeing people and things through His eyes.

We often fail and make mistakes, but if we're trying to do that, God will help us and life will expand—become a big thing.

Here's an instance: You're in a job and have a nice home and, as you think of it, you begin to think of the unemployed and the distressed areas and the people who have no homes. You think: "But these are God's children as much as I am; He doesn't want them to be like this; He wants all His children to have a chance in life."

You're praying then—you're thinking what God wants, and because you are praying you know you can't stop there. You say, "What can I do about it? How can I help to make what God wants happen?"

If all the people who are Christians prayed on these lines, unemployment and slums would soon be abolished.

You see, too often when we pray we're thinking of what we want. We begin at the wrong end; and what God wants for His other children is left out.

Here's another instance. Your neighbour—Tom, shall we say—bores you stiff. He seems to have no guts: he's always complaining about life; he's not a good mixer, he holds himself aloof.

ONE day as you say "*our* Father," you suddenly remember that Tom is God's child as much as you are. You begin to wonder about his upbringing or his home, or whether he's had the chances you have.

You wonder if you've tried to see his good points or to help him; and then you try to look at Tom in a new way—shall I say, God's way and not yours?

As you're praying, you begin to think what you can do about Tom, what God wants you to do.

Of course, we can't like everyone, but when we really think of other people as God's children we're beginning to pray for them and we find good qualities in them.

For that is what our Father does. He tries to draw out the best in all His children. When we really get hold of that idea, then the next petition fits in properly: "Give us this day our daily bread."

"Not give me, but give everyone."

And then, because we so often fail to think of the other chap who wants his daily bread, too; "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

And here is the golden rule of religion: we can't be of any use to others unless we're ready to try to help them, even to forgiving them when they've wronged us.

It's frightfully difficult sometimes, but it's one of the big things of life which we must talk about later.

Of course, prayer has many difficulties, but I am sure that if we remember that it is just talking to God as a child to a Father—and especially listening and thinking so that we can find out what He wants for others as well as ourselves—a good many of the difficulties will be overcome.

NORMA KNIGHT -continued

Baby Norma disappears!

Baby Norma's nurse gossips with a friend in the park.

While the nurses are talking, Baby Norma wanders away.

Horrified, they realise that she is missing!

The nurse is too frightened to return and break the news to Norma.

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Who can have taken Baby Norma away? See next instalment

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you still need it for your HALEXERCISE

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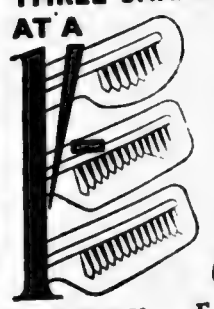

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BEECHAMS POWDERS

NEW U-BOAT OFFENSIVE

Commander H. Pursey, R.N.,

John Bull's expert on naval warfare, insists that every precaution should be taken to meet the second attack of the Nazi deepsea raiders.

DON'T let us have food queues this time!

The life of a nation at war depends on the successful maintenance of sea-borne trade. This can be accomplished only by national organisation of the shipping and shipbuilding industries during the first few weeks of hostilities.

The waste of our resources in the first three years of the last war caused the food queues of 1917.

This must not happen again.

To prevent it there is much to be done, for the Nazis are now preparing another U-boat offensive.

Despite the loss of the *Royal Oak*, the Navy has mastered the original phase of the U-boat campaign.

Policy Changed

This early success can be credited to our new anti-submarine measures and the immediate introduction of the convoy system, which caused most of the U-boats to relinquish their attacks at focal points of our shipping traffic and go farther afield.

Another factor is the return to Germany for refuelling of those submarines surviving the attacks of our anti-submarine vessels.

Also, there has been a change in German policy as far as the mercantile marine is concerned, whereby submarines have been ordered to concentrate on defenceless Scandinavian vessels rather than on our own well-protected shiping.

We must now expect another, more rigorous U-boat outbreak. This will be countered by our improved detection apparatus and hunting measures. The submarine can never again become a real menace to the ships which bear our load.

There are bound to be losses arising not only from submarine attacks and enemy mines, but also from collisions and the other hazards of the sea increased by war conditions.

Our initial losses were offset by the large number of German ships captured either at sea or in port at the outbreak of hostilities. Having swept the seas of enemy shipping further captures will be negligible.

Now is the time to make the essential preparations for meeting the damage that will be done by the U-boats' next offensive.

Replacements and repairs will be necessary.

Ships disabled by war action but able to limp home must receive every attention.

Facilities for repairs must occupy an important part in our maintenance programme.

Obviously it is cheaper to repair a ship than to build another.

New tonnage is essential. The British Shipping Assistance Bill introduced by the Government in the summer provided for a loan of £10,000,000 for the building of cargo vessels and a further assistance grant of £2,600,000.

Mr. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, tells us that an enormous building programme is already going full steam ahead.

Nobody has forgotten the muddle and dilatoriness of the first two years of the last war.

Then the serious reduction in shipbuilding output was not fully appreciated until 1917, by which time annual losses were nearly three times the amount of tonnage being constructed.

Skilled men from shipyards had joined the Army.

Others had gone into munition factories, and builders were unable to obtain full supplies of steel.

When Lloyd George's Government created a Ministry of Shipping in 1916, with Sir Joseph Maclay as Controller, a large shipbuilding programme was adopted.

To increase this output a system of "fabrication" was adopted whereby separate parts of a ship could be constructed far inland and fitted at assembly yards.

Concrete Hulls

Reinforced concrete was used for building cargo ships, a method developed not only in Britain, but also in the United States.

Even so, an output of 3,000,000 tons of new construction a year was necessary in May, 1917, and to meet that demand an additional 10,000 men and double the amount of steel were needed.

Yet the shipbuilding industry was not brought under the direct control of the Government until 1918, when Lord Pirrie was appointed Controller-General of Merchant Shipbuilding.

With this costly experience to guide us, it should be easy efficiently to organise without undue delay our mercantile shipping and to develop to the greatest advantage the repairing and building facilities of the country.

The necessity for a Ministry of Shipping is obvious. Already there is evidence that shipping has not been employed to the best advantage. There have been unnecessary delays, tonnage has been diverted without adequate reason. Prompt decisions have been lacking.

Delays Already

Mr. Chamberlain's statement to the House of Commons about plans being prepared for this Ministry of Shipping shows that the Government is doing all it can to prevent further muddle.

Among our present major national problems is the provision of increased numbers of merchant ships for civil and war purposes.

This problem brought us to the verge of defeat in 1917 when the German submarine campaign was at its height.

Half our total tonnage was then allocated to the service of the Fighting Forces, our Allies, and the Dominions.

Vessels sunk while employed in these services had to be replaced by ships then being used for the benefit of civilian populations.

Our fleets of merchant ships were unable to cope with all these demands. The tonnage problem became so acute that it affected everybody in the country. It meant the food restrictions of 1917.

We have started this war fully prepared.

But we must not be careless. Many problems remain unsolved and there are many things to be watched.

Above all, we must be sure there are no more food queues this time.

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

See centre pages

War Measures and You — ***By a Barrister M.P.***

Hire-Purchase Goods Cannot be Seized

SOME hire-purchase dealers, refusing to accept smaller payments from those badly hit by the war, are threatening to seize goods unless original instalments are maintained.

They are not entitled to do this.

The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act gives purchasers in this position complete protection, provided agreements were made before the war started.

Apart from this Act, forcible seizure of this kind is illegal, even if the agreement itself contains a clause allowing it.

A firm employs such methods at its own risk; it can be sued for trespass and, if circumstances warrant, for assault, too.

No cause of action would lie if entry were given willingly, or if, in the case of a car or animals, the "goods" were reclaimed in the open without force.

A dealer's right to reclaim even in this way is strictly limited if the agreement comes within the scope of the Hire Purchase Act, 1938, which lays down that if a third of the hire-purchase price has been paid repossession can be obtained only by order of the Court.

A purchaser can terminate an agreement at any time by relinquishing the goods and paying the balance outstanding for hire.

The maximum that can be extracted by way of "balance due" is settled for those whose agreements come under the 1938 Act in this way. The most they can be made to pay is:—

Any instalments due to the time they gave notice to terminate, *plus* such further sum (if any) to bring the total amount paid up to half the purchase price or to such lesser amount as may be set forth in the agreement.

If you are not sure of the purchase price (or how much you have paid), ask the dealer. He cannot refuse you. The most he can charge for this information, including a copy of the agreement itself, is a shilling.

If you decide to terminate, give him notice *in writing*, and allow him to collect the goods. You are under no obligation to return them yourself. You would be liable, though, for any damage that occurred to them in the meantime.

You must *not* sell the goods with the laudable intention of paying the dealer the balance owing. This would be theft.

The agreement is so worded that under it the goods are not your property until the full purchase price has been paid.

Do not confuse hire-purchase agreements with credit-sale agreements, another form of the deferred payment system. Under credit-sale agreements goods are equally protected against seizure, but the purchaser *has* the right of resale even if all the instalments have not been paid.

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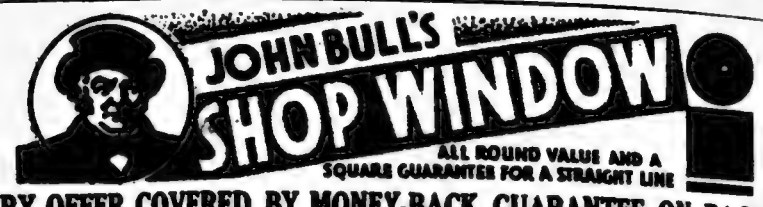
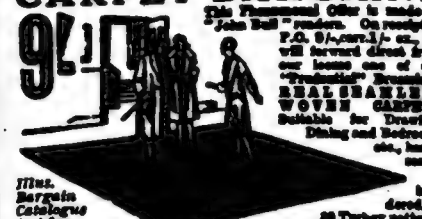
BRITAIN'S PICTORIAL WEEKLY



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 14.

CARPET BARGAINS



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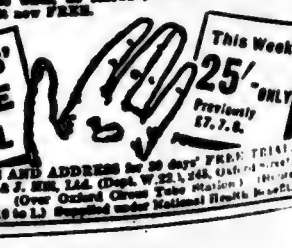

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Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

SECRETS of a WOMEN'S LEAGUE

PEOPLE asked to take a financial interest in the Women's League of Unity know Miss Jean Stafford as the Honorary Organiser and Editor-in-Chief of Women's Newspaper, Ltd.

They probably don't know that Miss Stafford is Mrs. Psyche Hope Reavely, of The Highway, Sutton, Surrey.

After the disastrous end of various ventures with which she has been associated I can understand why she prefers her new name.

People who entrusted her with money for these earlier schemes lost every penny they invested, and Mrs. Reavely herself is an undischarged bankrupt.

Among her ill-fated efforts was the Woman's National Newspaper, which collapsed with heavy losses.

But Mrs. Reavely—or Miss Jean Stafford—with all her laudable ideals in connection with this new League and the paper linked with it, seems to have some strange friends.

Albert Frederick Roberts, writing from a well-known London hotel, has been active in offering shares.

According to him, this is a wonderful proposition. In one of his letters before me he states definitely that the newspaper's "print order" is 150,000 copies a week.

That's a fairy tale.

Sales are negligible and far from flourishing. The company cannot pay its debts.

This man who professes he can shepherd investors to a good thing is a rogue with many convictions for fraud.

Even that is not the end of the suspicious trail to Mrs. Reavely-Jean Stafford's League and newspaper.

Also involved is Albert Laurence Josephs, who has a bad reputation in the financial world.

He has been actively concerned in several disastrous ramps.

One, called the "Instalment Securities Trust," promoted a ridiculous scheme in which investors were told they could purchase shares on an instalment basis.

A reader who complained to me about his dealings with the "Trust" was shown a document which purported to prove that tens of thousands of pounds would be made by the directors. He lost his money.

Josephs, too, has been through the bankruptcy courts. Though he has now obtained his discharge, it was suspended for two and a half years when he applied for it!

"Jean Stafford," as Mrs. Psyche Hope Reavely now likes to call herself, may have some excellent ideas about her latest movement for women.

But does she know the records of some of the people with whom her name has lately been associated?

If she doesn't, it is time she did.

Lonely Dupes

MOST impudent of the "friends-for-lonely-people" racket that has flourished afresh since war started is the Personal Marriage Bureau, of St. James' Walk, London, E.C.1. An address that sounds imposing, but is a discarded shop in an obscure thoroughfare.

Windows are boarded and the place is covered with dust.

Letters from those who are foolish enough to answer the enticing advertisements are collected each day by a girl employed by a Mr. E. W. Kingsbur, owner of the Bureau. He calls himself "Director," and someone named H. I. Holwood is named as "Secretary" on the literature sent out.

* * *

First response to the advertisements brings a badly typed letter, obviously produced with as many carbon copies as a machine can turn out.

"There are far too many people," announces this tosh, "in towns and villages who through no fault of their own are condemned to a life of loneliness. . . .

"We do not waste time by sending you long lists of people to whom you can merely write. We send you a few well-chosen names of the type most suitable to you."

* * *

A form is enclosed for details of the type preferred—age, height, whether single or married, and so on—with a request for any other particulars that might be of interest.

The charge is 2s. 6d. a month and a fee of 10s. for every personal introduction arranged.

It would be much more to the point if the man behind this ramshackle concern introduced himself to the Business Names Registry. There is no record of the Bureau there.

ALL MY EYE

ACCORDING to literature issued by the Haviland Eyesight Institute, Strand, London, spectacles are unnecessary.

Ernest Haviland, who is behind the Institute, urges a "home course" instead. He sends out touting letters, attached to which are printed forms to be filled with details about the troubles of eye-sufferers.

"It will take only a few minutes to fill in the form," he points out—adding modestly that his charge is only £2.

Readers should have nothing whatever to do with this man.

He's just a quack, and has been operating in this way for years.

WE RAN HIM OUT OF TOWN

HERE'S a story to show the value of JOHN BULL exposures. Not long ago an itinerant and unqualified "optician" renting "temporary" offices in a North Country town began advertising in a spectacular fashion.

Men and women suffering from eye troubles were soon eagerly seeking the valueless benefit of his "skilled" advice.

Local doctors, realising the dangers of his practices, wrote to the Joint Council of Qualified Opticians protesting that the man was a quack.

The Council regretted that unfortunately there was no law to stop such a person practising. They suggested that the medical men should join them in issuing "a general warning" against impostors of this type.

One of the doctors concerned was so indignant that he wrote to JOHN BULL. Referring to the results of the subsequent enquiry and exposure "The Optician" in a recent issue announced:

"Mr. X had a brain wave. He decided to write to JOHN BULL. The following week 'J. B.' had an article entitled 'It's All Eyewash,' naming the optician, town, etc."

Lewis Rupell is the man concerned.

Anyway, the offender departed immediately, and the Journal adds: "JOHN BULL might be the ideal medium for attaining unity and strength in our profession."

Well, I'll always do my best, if people will "write to me about it!"

Official!

SOME traders consider themselves very smart by distributing leaflets giving the impression of official compulsion to buy their goods.

"Compulsory Registration," flares the large type heading on one pamphlet before me. On the right-hand corner there is an official-looking index "H.R.K.179."

After announcing "you are strongly advised to protect your Identification Cards," it adds, "Protective leather cases for same are now ready for your district.

"It will facilitate matters and help greatly in a speedy distribution if you will please state below how many will be needed. N.B.—Callers will wear a badge of authority."

Behind that impressive barrage is Frank Smith, of 1A, Hyde Park Mansions, London, N.W., out to sell his cases. No grumble about that—the cases seem excellent value, but it is sheer impudence to send out such a leaflet.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

I appreciate the co-operation of readers in exposing scandals, frauds and injustices.

Letters sent to me, marked "Public Benefactor," are all dealt with individually.

This week I awarded £1 1s. to Mr. T. W. Stewart, Macaulay Street, Stirling Park, Dundee.

Watch 'Em!

TAKE special care of bicycles. Knowing that there is an extra demand for them these days, petty thieves are making wholesale raids. Their haul during the last few weeks runs into thousands.

One gang in London is thought to have not only a secret garage where stolen cycles are disguised, but also an organisation for reselling them.

* * *

Latest war ramp is the peddling by doorstep touts of 8d. packets of powder supposed to make coal burn longer.

It is worthless, and as there is no maker's name on the packets duped housewives have no remedy.

I advise every housewife to be careful what she buys at the door. It is a racket out of which vast sums of money are being made.

* * *

"C. E. Wainwright," who has fleeced so many people with the make-believe stamp-dealing course that I exposed, has left his address at Leicester.

He is an inveterate fee-snatcher, so look out for another drive from a new base.

* * *

To aid evacuated women and children "who are in great need of your help" is the reason given by T. Wilson, of Khama Road, Tooting, London, S.W., for making indiscriminate appeals for left-off clothing.

These are most vague, and it would be interesting to know on whose authority they are made.

* * *

Crooks who buy burned-out torch batteries and camouflage them to look like new are busy in the North, particularly around Manchester. A large number of people have been fooled.

* * *

Guests in small private hotels are being victimised by an adventuress going by the names of Agnes Baker . . . Lilian Ingram . . . and Peggy Saville. Her proper name is believed to be Mary Graves.

She instals herself in an hotel, then arranges for a telegram, supposed to be from her husband, mother or son, to be sent to her by an accomplice saying that she is needed at once because of serious illness.

She contrives to borrow money—and vanishes.

Warrants are out for her in London, Birmingham and other places. She is about fifty, and has a mole near her left temple.

BILLETING THIEF

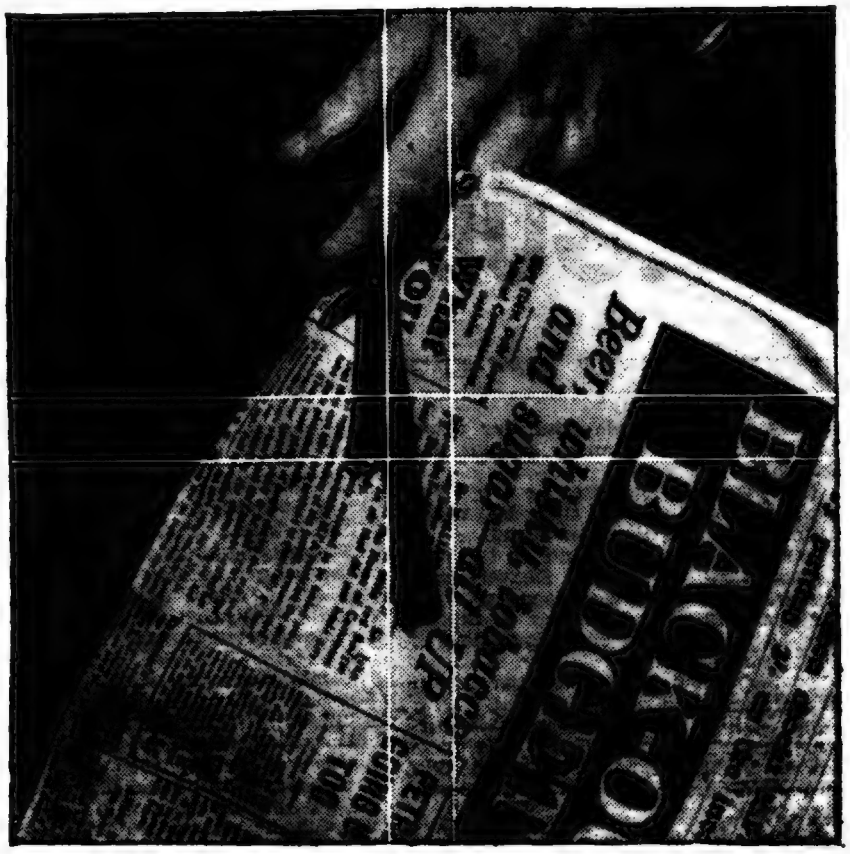
AMONG the most active of the bogus billeting officer thieves is a well-known jailbird with many aliases, whose real name is believed to be Albert Furness.

Typical of his methods is the visit he paid to a Bristol woman.

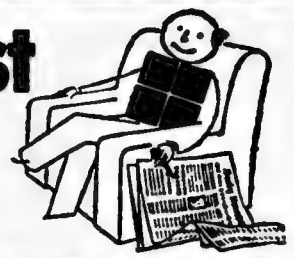
Posing as an official from the local authorities, he inspected her house and said she would have to accommodate six men engaged on defence work. He made it all seem real by making detailed notes in an official-looking book.

Then he asked whether he might use a room in which to write out a report of his day's work. He was left alone there. When he had left, it was discovered that he had stolen various things.

Complaints have reached the police from other towns.



"We'll do our best Mr. Chancellor"



Three-ha'pence an ounce on tobacco to help win the war. Well, after all it's in a good cause. And now more than ever before, Four Square economy counts. Being naturally matured and free from artificial flavouring, all 8 Four Square blends smoke slowly and evenly to the bottom of the pipe. Hence there's never a scrap of waste. Secondly, as the increased duty is the same on all tobaccos (from the best to the .... other sort) it represents a smaller percentage of the price of tip-top blends like Four Square.

FOUR SQUARE

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS		FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS	
Mixture (Green)	1/1½d oz	Cut Cake (Yellow)	1/2d oz
Curlies (Purple)	1/1½d oz	Ripe Brown (Brown)	1/2d oz
Mixture—Original (Blue)	1/5½d oz	Matured Virginia—Original (Red)	1/6d oz
„ —Medium (Light Blue)	1/5½d oz	„ Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)	1/6d oz

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES: Standard size: 20 for 1/2d Large size: 20 for 1/4d

8 TOBACCOS FROM 1/1½—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

George Dobie & Son, Ltd. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809), Paisley, Scotland.

Phillips YEAST The Finest TONIC

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its 'Life' and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION ... By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOUR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy

for NERVES and INDIGESTION

From all Chemists: 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Ask for PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast Tablets — then you get the REAL THING

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
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GET A MURPHY B81 PORTABLE

£8.15.

CASH PRICE WITHOUT BATTERIES

An important feature of this set is the special circuit which ensures battery economy.

We are sending out supplies of this battery portable to our Dealers as fast as we can. It is a powerful, clear and—above all—a *reliable* set, which you can carry anywhere. It will keep you in touch with broadcast views and will give you real entertainment wherever you may be. It is a very safe and very wise investment to make in these days.

E. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

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All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in Eire.

MURPHY RADIO, LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE. TELEPHONE WELWYN GARDEN 800.

C.R.L. 231

Hitler's Phantom Foe

"Peaceful" Slovak peasants of this type carry Sidor's orders from village to village

HIDING high in the Tatra mountains, those ragged teeth of rock dividing Slovakia and Poland, is an outlaw with a price on his head. Yet he was once his country's Premier.

Now he is the leader of a ragged army of patriots, battling alone against the Nazi war machine. And even though he commands only ten thousand men, the Nazis are afraid of him.

They have not yet had the courage to tackle his stronghold. They know too well what to expect in the natural "Maginot Line" that he has prepared for their attack.

Valleys are filled with mines and deadly man-traps. In every gorge, great boulders are balanced so that a touch will send them crashing down on invaders. Snipers lurk behind rocks.

Tanks and field guns cannot be driven up steep, rocky mountain tracks. Bombers can do little damage to men whose air-raid shelters are caves, dug deep in solid rock.

All the time, even as you read this, the Premier-turned-outlaw is sending scouts to harry Nazi outposts, wreck communications. Raiders swoop on lonely garrisons at dusk or dawn. And no prisoners are taken.

Every weapon, every round of ammunition in the possession of the patriot army has been stolen from Nazi soldiers. Most of the food is looted from Nazi convoys. And, irony of ironies, even its shock tactics come out of the Nazi handbook for storm-troopers.

This mysterious generalissimo, who in three years has forged peasants and fugitives into a force the Nazis fear, is Dr. Karel Sidor, who has weathered the stormy sea of Slovakian politics for twenty-five years.

He crusaded for home-rule and the partition of the Czecho-Slovak State, and went to jail for his views.

IN his early forties, stocky and muscular, Sidor strode into the international arena during the Czecho-Slovak crisis, when he formed a corps of black-shirt guards to back his demands for Slovakian home rule.

Hitler saw in these guards a weapon to use against the Czechs. He poured money into their funds after Munich, and sent his experts to train them in street fighting. Sidor and his men were apt pupils!

As Nazi pressure increased, Sidor went to Prague to be Vice-Premier of Czecho-Slovakia. He believed his dreams of home-rule were to be realised. But his eyes were soon opened to Hitler's perfidy, and Germany's real aims in Slovakia.

Sidor immediately ended his quarrel with the Czechs, and turned to face the common enemy. But it was too late.

Hitler's troops goose-stepped into Prague, and his "sympathetic, guiding hand" clenched Slovakia in a strangle-hold.

Sidor returned to Slovakia as its Premier, but held office for only a single day. His fierce denunciation of the Nazis caused him to be deposed, first to be Minister of the Interior, and then, because of his popularity, to be exiled as Slovak Minister to the Vatican.

He decided in Rome three months ago to discard the top hat and frock coat of the diplomat for the leather jerkin and riding breeches of an outlaw.

Travelling by night, sometimes in disguise, he slipped back into Slovakia, and took refuge in a peasant's hut in the Tatra mountains. It is still his headquarters.

"Sidor is back!"

These words ran through the Tatras like flame. Peasants had always supported Sidor's campaign for home-rule. Now his stern features, emphasised by thick, black hair and moustache, and his fiery words captured their imaginations as well as their hearts.

AS they flocked to his cause, Sidor had men trained and disciplined.

Lonely valleys became parade grounds where men drilled by night in the light of torches, shouldering arms with scythes and shovels in lieu of arms they did not possess.

Within a week a Nazi outpost was wiped out, and its equipment carried into the hills. Sidor led that raid himself.

He broke the barbed wire entanglements by inventing his own "tanks." Farm carts loaded with hay soaked in petrol were pulled to the top of a steep slope above the camp, then sent hurtling down at night.

News of his success reached the lowlands, now in the full grip of Nazi tyranny.

Slovak soldiers, pressed into the German army, deserted in hundreds to join him. In arms factories men and women risked death to smuggle out a bullet at a time for Sidor and his men.

So it goes on, with Sidor's influence growing every day.

While he fights in the hills, Sidor's agents in the towns and cities are creating a "passive front" whose activities prevent Nazis from sending a big army to chase him.

One day a series of "traffic blocks" takes hundreds of police to disentangle. Then the next day a whispering campaign keeps Nazi troops on tenterhooks. And Sidor makes a raid elsewhere.

EVEN brutal acts of terrorism cannot crush the burning patriotism created by the Premier-outlaw. There are scores of men and women in concentration camps for helping him.

Every morning they are led out for "exercise." For hours they are forced to crawl round and round over beds of sharp gravel until their hands and knees are bleeding.

Their wounds never get a chance to heal. But neither torture, nor the offer of reward, will make them speak.

While Sidor commands such loyalty Nazis will not find him.

Voice of the People

THE Town Clerk of Glasgow, food controller for that city, recently received a letter from the Ministry of Information addressed to Sir John Lindsay, Town Clerk, Glasgow.

Sir John died ten years ago, and he has been succeeded by three other town clerks.

Meanwhile, Scotland waits to hear from the Ministry details of the Relief of Mafeking.—J. S., Waverley Gardens, Glasgow.

When laid side by side, the legends already created by the Unfortunate 999 of the Ministry of Information will probably take the place of "Alice in Wonderland" in our classical literature.

Toothbrush Mystery

My father's Army number in the last war was 128800.

Now that I am in the Army myself, I am astounded to find the number 128800 on a bootbrush issued to a man in my barrack-room. An attempt has been made to obliterate it, and the number of the new owner has been substituted.

Can it be a brush that was to have been issued to my father when the last war ended?—Gunner, Salisbury.

Quite probably. When last war ended unwanted Army kit was sold to war disposal firms. What remained unsold has been bought back by War Office in the last few weeks.

Gas Test

I have been testing my respirator by burning two teaspoonfuls of sulphur in a closed room. I noticed no ill-effects until I raised the side of my gas-mask. Immediately I was assailed by choking fumes.

It's comforting to know that the respirator is capable of doing its duty, well and truly. —William Nimmons, Hazelfield Street, Belfast.

Sulphur dioxide resembles war gases in its composition, but this is not an experiment that should be tried by the inexpert without due precautions being taken.

Defence in Cold Storage

People who imagine we may have to endure food privations as in the last war overlook the fact that cold storage has come into its own since those days.

If Hitler took over all the submarines in the world he couldn't make us go really hungry.—W. T. K., Billingsgate.

This country has 100 million cubic feet of public cold storage plant available for war storage—or 10 cubic feet for each average family. By utilising plants below 2,000 cubic feet capacity the Food (Defence Plans) Department could almost double this.

He is Bewildered

A skilled agricultural worker, I left the land to enjoy the higher wages and better working conditions offered by employers in towns.

Now the country is pleading with farmers to increase the area of land under cultivation. It can be done only by those of us who left the land in search of better living conditions.

What should we do? I am willing to sacrifice all that I have gained by going to town, but how can I pay high rents out of a farm labourer's wages?

We are willing to help; what about helping us to help?—F. M. J., Wick, Bristol.

For years the farm-worker has been treated shabbily, underpaid, asked to live in the worst possible conditions when it suited his employer, and driven off the land. Now he is asked to return to his old work, he should do so on good terms. He is due for recognition and is entitled to use any situation to get what he deserves.

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

Is something angering you, amusing you, puzzling you? Then write us a letter about it. Or send us a photograph.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Strong and Healthy

Descriptions of children sent to evacuation areas would lead you to believe that all London's youngsters were ill-nourished, pale of cheek and suffering from neglect.

As soon as they reach the country, "colour creeps into their faces and they begin to put on weight."

You'd think only country people knew how to rear children.

Let us praise the splendid organisation of the evacuation scheme, the kindness of "foster-parents" and the patience of teachers, but let us admit that most children sent out of cities are strong and healthy.—E. Jones, Deptford, London, S.E.

Medical examiners at the Air Ministry have announced that boys from the East End of London have least difficulty in passing rigorous tests imposed in the search for first-class pilots.

Fingers Caned

My child's fingers were caned at school to-day.

He was punished for not possessing rubber shoes for drill.

As I had just paid six shillings out of my weekly 36s. Army pay for gas-mask carriers, demanded by the school authorities, there was no more money to spare.

I do wish school masters, living comfortably on their six pounds a week, would realise how difficult it is to keep a family of seven on so little.

Children should not be punished for their parents' poverty.—Mrs. C., Banffshire.

Such injustice as this does not help when the nation is being asked to make sacrifices for the common good. Indeed, it savours of the system that we are fighting.

They All Stood Up

I was surprised when at the end of a musical programme in Central Park, New York, the band not only played "The Star Spangled Banner," but also "God Save the King."

Listeners stood stiffly to attention when the British National Anthem was played.—J. E. Turner, Walton, Liverpool.

Russia's Threat

Pity more people did not remember that Litvinov, at Geneva in 1934, said that the Soviet Government had abandoned the "Anti-war alliance with workers of the world, and in future would play the game of military diplomacy with the capitalist nations."—E. F., Camden Town, N.W.1.

Statesmen would be more prepared for many things if they could only approach the speeches of their confreres with open minds. Invariably they try to put an entirely different construction on a simple statement and end up in the most devastating muddle.

"WE ARE ONE UNITED FAMILY" — A. HITLER (Formerly SCHICKELGRUBER)

The Germans Know —But You Mustn't

For this page we had planned an article on British camouflage methods. When it was written we submitted it to the Ministry of Information. Not because there were any official secrets in it—it wasn't that kind of article—but just as a matter of courtesy.

From about 1,000 words the Censor cut about 500! When we examined the material he had deleted, we found that all the facts in it had been published, some before and some after the outbreak of war, some in technical and trade papers, some even in the daily Press.

If the information was of use to the enemy, then they certainly possessed it already.

We returned the article to the Ministry with a request for reconsideration. Another Censor was good enough to put back much of the material cut out by the first man—but he made new cuts from passages the first man had passed!

Because only the ragged ruins of this innocuous article have survived the incomprehensible attacks made upon it by the Censors, we have to abandon our attempt to assure you that British experts are doing many things to hide you from the bombers.

Still, we think it would be comforting for you to know that other people, at least, are having protection prepared for them; and so, in place of the original article, here is a description of AMERICAN camouflage experiments. Nothing secret, of course. Just the information any delving journalist can acquire from sources open to all. We feel sure the Ministry of Information will not mind us saying, in its own famous phraseology, that:

Any reader who assumes that there is no reason to believe that Britain lags behind America in these matters will not be incorrect.

FROM twenty thousand feet up, it looks like a strip of woodland running along the seashore.

What enemy pilot would waste his bombs on such a target? He would save them for those long lines of grey factory roofs, lying a few miles inland.

And that is where he would make his big mistake. For the "strip of woodland" might be an important shipyard on America's western seaboard; the "factory roofs" nothing more substantial than sheets of canvas.

Camouflage has taken vast strides since, during the second year of the last war, the world first began to see those crazy, crude, mad-hatter designs daubed on ships, guns and tanks.

FOR a time America, with less to fear, lagged behind other nations in this vital form of defence against air attack.

But now that bombers can cross the Atlantic in a single "hop," that has all been changed. Instead of lagging behind, American camouflage experts are leading the way.

With them, camouflage is no longer a matter of merely disguising and concealing important factories and military objectives.

It has become a vast game of bluff and double-bluff, in which the principle is not only to deceive the eyes of an enemy but to decoy him away from important objectives.

Changing a shipyard into a belt of woodland dotted with farmhouses is by no means the most difficult problem which American experts have tackled.

Cranes and derricks can be painted to look exactly like trees when seen from the air, and a coating of green dye will soon change an expanse of concrete into a pasture.

The flat roofs of offices, too, can be painted to resemble fields, or, if necessary, covered with a layer of turf and sown with buttercups and daisies.

TO achieve such effects, obviously the target must first be studied from the air. The aim is to make a factory, munition works, or shipyard invisible from a height of between twenty and twenty-five thousand feet and from a distance of six miles.

Colour films are made to obtain a true impression of the background into which the target must be made to merge.

Later, in their private cinema, experts study these films closely, and decide what methods they are to use—as a rule, shading or "sand and spinach," when a target can be seen only from the air, or "dazzle painting" for that part of the target that can be seen from the sea.

When this is settled, work goes ahead rapidly. Scale paper models of the target are made, cut into sections, marked with the colours to be used.

The result may seem like an artist's nightmare, but remember it has been carried out with the greatest accuracy.

So far, two of the greatest enemies to successful camouflage have been shadows and the infra-red ray camera. But American experts are beating both.

First the infra-red ray camera, whose eye can not only pierce through fogs, but can tell the difference between natural colourings—the brown of woods, the green of fields—and the paints men have used to imitate them.

This is a job for chemists, and America is already testing dyes which will leave even the infra-red ray camera guessing.

Shadows, though appearing more simple to a layman, are just as tricky a proposition.

A CHIMNEY stack, grain silo or gasometer can be disguised in a score of different ways, according to the background in which it must be made to merge. For example, tests have shown that it is quite simple, with the aid of a few tons of paint, to transform a silo into a very realistic church when seen from above.

But, on a sunny day, its shadow is always likely to reveal the masquerade.

It has been discovered by the Americans that this drawback can be overcome by providing the phantom "church" with a fake shadow, traced out with broad bands of creosote or oil.

Another method, used when the shadow to be eliminated is that of a factory or similar building, is to build long, sloping ramps of canvas or plywood up to the roof and cover them with turf.

EVEN maps can be made to lie when the American experts get down to work in real earnest.

Acid or creosote poured over hedges turns them into roads that lead to nowhere, while the important highway covered with green paint can be lost amid the fields.

Two narrow channels dug across an airfield and filled with water look exactly like railway lines, and who would expect a pilot to take off over a permanent way?

DAM this WASTE!

Without Fear or Favour

By the EDITOR

Mr. Burgin's Ministry of Supply is supposed to check waste of Government money—but what about all the other waste?

WE pride ourselves on being good business men, and in this war—never doubt it for a moment!—Britain *means* business. On the other hand, some of us are still inclined to back our ancient luck in "muddling through."

Blunders are being made and we can't afford to make them.

"Knock-knock"—that is to say mere criticism without constructive suggestion—is not in the JOHN BULL tradition, but we have lost patience with the "muddle through" school of thought and we think that the national business of winning the war ought now to be conducted in a more business-like way.

We know, just as all of you must know, if you take the trouble to look and listen and think, that at present the economic reservoir of our national resources has many leaks, through each of which we are losing power.

AND WE SAY: "DAM THIS WASTE!"

SOME initial mistakes were to be expected. Some early wastage was unavoidable, but, if we really are good business men, *now* is the time to stop every leak and secure a 100 per cent. effective drive from the whole of our available money and man-power.

This Government means well, as all our Governments always do. It knows that victory on the economic front is essential to victory on the field. And so, rather late in the day, it has set up an "Economic General Staff," with Sir John Simon at its head and Lord Stamp as his expert, part-time adviser.

There are other eminent "brass hats" at this new G.H.Q. So there are in the War Office, the Admiralty and the Air Force, and every Ministry and Government Department. Individually each man is anxious not only to do his bit, but also to do his best. Collectively they have no room to move without getting in one another's way.

We reserve our congratulations or criticisms until we have had time to judge the new Economic General Staff by results, but, in the meantime, we can't help wondering whether there ought to be any "part-time" jobs in such high places, and whether, among the multitude of staff officers, we can hope to find one real commander-in-chief with power to act in that capacity.

BECAUSE we want to help and not to hinder, we intend to point out some of the more obvious and avoidable leaks in the economic reservoir of to-day.

First of all there is the wastage of man-power caused by unimaginative restrictions and over-zealous officialdom.

Unemployment has increased since war started, and neutrals must be puzzled to understand how a nation resolved to fight with all its might can afford to maintain an army of "out of works."

It can't.

But we admit it requires time to "take up the slack." What we complain of is the needless dislocation of industry caused by official control.

Commercial travellers can't get enough petrol, and when they lose their jobs their firms lose business and other workers are dismissed.

The entertainment and catering businesses have been crippled by the severity of black-out restrictions. These are now somewhat relaxed, but a considerable industry is still working at less than half-throttle.

Again, the hotel trade, already badly hit, has been still further and wantonly damaged by the immoderate claims of civil and military authorities. Nothing but the best was good enough for the various "billeting officers."

More than a thousand Statutory Rules and Orders, complicated, hard to understand, and sometimes contradictory, have been imposed to control commerce and industry. They have controlled hundreds of firms clean out of business.

Britain must maintain—indeed, it is desirable that she should expand—her export trade, yet import and export licences now add enormously to the difficulties inherent in the Customs and Excise regulations. These have not been relaxed. On the contrary, the staff of this department has been trebled!

THE BUREAUCRATS MULTIPLY LIKE RABBITS. IF THEY MADE WORK FOR OTHERS IT WOULD NOT MATTER SO MUCH, BUT ACTUALLY THEY TEND TO CURTAIL BUSINESS ACTIVITY.

DIRECTLY figures were published, Parliament agreed that the Ministry of Information was over-staffed. Now half the functionaries there have been dismissed or transferred—nobody knows where—and nobody misses them.

We believe that most other Ministries could spare a high proportion of their officials in the same way, and that the business life of the community would benefit by the reduction.

Perhaps there are too many Ministries and too many Departments. We are certain at all events that there are too many *separate* economic authorities. Even in the Services the priority claims of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force are apt to conflict. Wastage must result.

One other instance of wasted man-power deserves mention. We refer to would-be volunteers whose services have been declined. Here again the authorities have decided, none too soon, to do their best to absorb these willing men.

But in point of fact one "old soldier" is worth more than any untrained youngster, however eager and enthusiastic. Every ex-Serviceman ready and fit to serve again ought to be accepted with open arms.

ON the home front there has been more wastage of money than of men. Fantastic sums have been spent all over the country on various defence services.

Small Emergency Committees control these things, and, more often than not, refuse to give detailed information. The Ratepayers' Associations, reluctant to criticise in time of war, have for the most part ceased to act.

BUT THE EXCELLENT WORK THEY DID IN CONTROLLING WASTEFUL EXPENDITURE WAS NEVER MORE NECESSARY THAN IT IS TO-DAY.

All over the country local authorities are *now* cutting costs and sacking their paid defence workers right and left. Even so, there seems to be no co-ordination either of method or principle.

Again and again we see them sacking the wrong people.

All the rank and file A.R.P. workers were originally volunteers, and, therefore, in the interests of economy and justice alike, councils should try to retain those who are dependent upon their full-time pay.

It is a scandal that any man or woman with a private income, earned or unearned, should be paid for defence services while other efficient workers, having no private means, are available. It is also a gross waste of public money.

The evacuation scheme, taken as a whole, was a brave and successful attempt to cope with a gigantic problem. Nobody can reasonably grumble at the early mistakes that were made.

But they need to be put right now.

ABOVE all, we must stop the waste of paying out public money to support children of well-to-do parents.

The Government is doing something to this end, but not enough. It intends to accept a voluntary contribution of 6s. a child as adequate. Instead, it should impose a strict Means Test. Parents who can afford nothing must pay nothing; those who can afford to pay part should pay part; and all others should pay in full.

We have pointed out here only the more obvious leakages of man- and money-power. We have said nothing of the waste of time.

YET TIME IS A VITAL FACTOR IN THE ECONOMY OF WAR. TIME IS ON OUR SIDE IF WE USE IT WELL.

Soon we may truly need to exert all our might and all our strength and a unified economic command will become essential to success.

It should be set up now.

We are afraid of the multiplication of officials and committees and control boards. We distrust the swarms of little "bosses," each jealous of his own departmental authority.

We urge Parliament to give us a strong Economic General Staff with power, subject only to the control of Parliament itself, not only to plan, but also to decide and act.

IF WE MUST SET UP OUR OWN TEMPORARY DICTATORS IN THIS WAR AGAINST DICTATORSHIP, LET US AT LEAST HAVE ONE STRONG MAN RATHER THAN FIFTY, OR FIVE THOUSAND, PETTY AUTOCRATS.

Will Scott, continuing his series of brilliant stories, allows the war to create fact for fiction

A Brother to Assist Him

"The Man Who Brings The Fish looks more like a bishop. He has silver hair and a hush-hush manner"

UNTIL war broke out, The Man Who Brings The Fish was just that and nothing else. Nothing but The Man Who Brings The Fish.

It is rather queer, looking back, that we never thought of him as anything else. But we didn't. If he had a name, we were never curious about it. We never thought of him as Hudson or Brown or Holmes. We never thought of him as de Vere. We never even thought of him as Smith.

It might have been otherwise if his name had been over the shop, but all it said there was Eden Fish Stores. So that to us he remained simply The Man Who Brings The Fish; and after that we never thought of him at all.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday he brought the fish, and regularly every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday he had brought the fish for four years, all the time the Eden Fish Stores had been open.

We traded with him in the first place because we were rather sorry for him at the time. It wasn't much of a business he had started.

There are only two things about him that you'd ever notice. One is his appearance and the other is his punctuality.

He doesn't look a bit like a man who brings fish. He looks more like a bishop.

He's about fifty, with thin cheeks, silver hair, and a kind of cathedral manner. If he did have his name over the shop it would be much more likely to be de Vere than Smith. How he comes to be bringing fish for a living is more than we can imagine.

But the most remarkable thing about him was always his punctuality.

RAIN or shine, heat so that you couldn't do more than two miles an hour, frost so that you daren't do more than one, "weather and other circumstances" never appeared to make the slightest difference to The Man Who Brings The Fish.

That was, of course, in the old days.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at exactly sixteen minutes to eleven you'd hear his knock on the door. It was remarkable. You could set your watch by him. You could have caught a train by him if there had been a train to catch at sixteen minutes to eleven.

The man who brings the milk always allows himself a margin of fifteen minutes either side of twelve o'clock. The man who brings the meat brings it any time between ten and eleven. The man who brings the groceries seems to bring them when he likes.

But you could always rely on The Man Who Brings The Fish. In the old days, that is. Sixteen minutes to eleven. On the dot.

He never said much. Just "Good morning—nice day." Or "nasty day," or whatever it was. Then "Thank you—good morning," and away.

In the days immediately before the war he didn't seem in the least disturbed, like the rest of us. The man who brings the meat was quite excited. "There'll be war by to-morrow night, you'll see," said he. The man who brings the milk was half-amused. "War? There'll be no war," *he* said. "They'll go on talking for years."

But The Man Who Brings The Fish was just the same as ever. He said "Good morning—nice day. Thank you—good morning," and left it at that.

Nothing, you see, could shake The Man Who Brings The Fish.

"Well," we said, "you can depend on one thing. If war does come, though we may be without milk and butter and bread, every morning at sixteen minutes to eleven The Man Will Bring The Fish. That's certain."

BUT it wasn't.

For on the very first Monday morning after war was declared, sixteen minutes to eleven came round and The Man Who Brings The Fish Didn't.

"Hallo!" we said. "No fish. That's the war."

Fifteen minutes to. Fourteen. Thirteen. Twelve. . . .

And then, suddenly, there was his well-known knock on the kitchen door.

He was full of apologies. For the first time since we began to trade with him he was ready to go beyond "Nice day—thank you—good morning."

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "I've been on the telephone to London. My brother, you know. I wanted to find out what was what, and of course my brother being in the heart of things. . . . And you get nothing in the papers or on the wireless."

"Nothing," we agreed.

He lowered his voice.

"We've captured ten U-boats," he informed us. "That's official. I've just had it from my brother. You won't find it in the papers. They're keeping things dark. But it's official."

"Well, that's comforting," we said. And then, inquisitive: "Is your brother—er—?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you what he *does*," replied The Man Who Brings The Fish. "My word, there *would* be trouble! It's a highly confidential post. But, of course, he tells me."

"Ten U-boats?" we said, going back a bit.

"Ten U-boats," he nodded.

"Well, that's a start," we said.

"A very satisfactory start," agreed The Man Who Brings The Fish. "Well, I'm afraid I must get along. I mustn't keep my customers waiting in these times. But I thought you'd like to hear the news."

"Yes, rather," we said. "Thanks very much."

"Thank *you*," said The Man Who Brings The Fish. "Good morning."

WE went out on our little lawn, and next door our neighbour and his wife were pretending to be still interested in gardening, war or no war. But you could see their hearts weren't in it.

"Isn't everything *dreadful*?" said our neighbour's wife.

"Well, not everything," we told her. "The Allies have captured ten U-boats to start with."

"Never!" she exclaimed, and her face brightened up. Then she called her husband up from down the garden.

"John!" she cried. "We've captured ten U-boats"

"What's this?" said her husband. "Really? It wasn't on the wireless."

"It won't be on the wireless," we explained. "They're keeping it dark. We've just had it confidentially from The Man Who Brings The Fish. He's got a brother who's pretty highly-placed. He gets all the official stuff early. The Man Who Brings The Fish has just been on the 'phone to him—not ten minutes ago."

"Ten U-boats?" said our neighbour's wife.

"Ten U-boats."

"Well, that's just splendid," she said. "It shows we're ready for them, doesn't it?"

That evening I went down to the local. You couldn't see the local from the outside on account of the black-out, but inside all was bright and cheerful. That is to say, it looked bright and cheerful with the lights on and a dozen or so in the bar.

But when you'd been there a minute or two you realised it was all pretty subdued compared with the old days. So to hearten them a bit I told them the news about the U-boats.

"Where did you get this?" asked the landlord.

"Had it this morning from The Man Who Brings The Fish," I answered. "He's got a brother in London who's something in the Government and he gets the very latest on the 'phone—all the stuff the censor keeps out of the papers for some reason."

IT created quite a stir in the bar, I can tell you.

"Ten U-boats, eh?"

"Well, that shows 'em we're not asleep."

As I was coming out the landlord said:

"You'll be in to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes," said I.

"Let's know what he says."

"Oh, I shan't see him to-morrow. We don't have fish again till Wednesday."

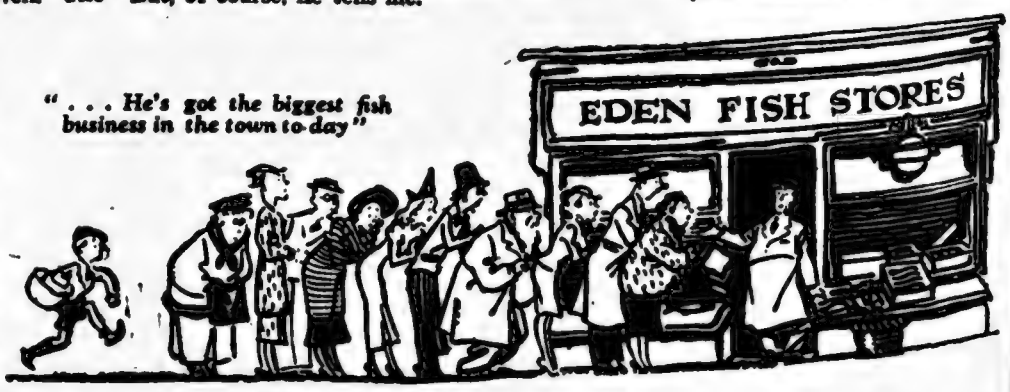
"I see." The landlord scratched his cheek. "Where do you get your fish? Canberry's?"

"No," said I. "Eden Fish Stores."

"I know it," said he.

The next morning, about eleven

(*Continued on page 20*)



". . . He's got the biggest fish business in the town to-day"

Today—*more than ever*—what you need is a Guinness

G.E.1.967

YOU CAN'T GET 4½ lbs. OF HAKE FOR 6d. . .

but you can get just as much energy from a ¼ lb. tin of FRY'S COCOA

FRY'S COCOA IS FOOD! If you want to make every penny you spend at the grocer's pay its way in nourishment, always remember that. *Every cupful of Fry's Cocoa is brimming with energy.* Every housewife, every man, every child is burning energy all the time. Unless this energy is put back in food, undernourishment and general failure in health result.

Cupfuls of Health and Energy

Scientists have worked out that the cups of cocoa (made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water) that you get from a quarter of a pound tin of Fry's Cocoa for 6d. give you as much energy as 4½ lbs. of hake, or 21 eggs, or 1½ lbs. of steak. *Fry's Cocoa is the meal-time drink above all others.* (*Children love it.*) Take a tin home and make a nourishing nightcap of Fry's Cocoa this very night.

ACTIVE WORKERS LIKE HER MUST HAVE 2,500 CALORIES A DAY

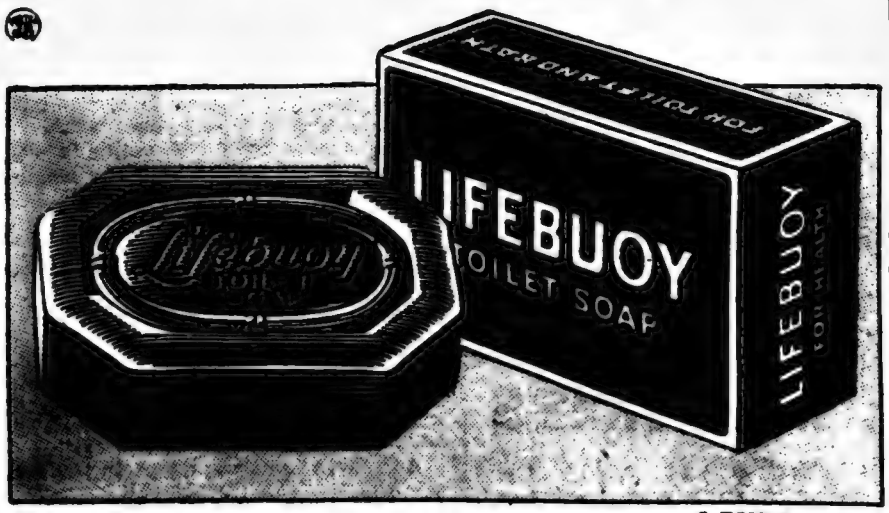
Scientists measure energy in Calories. Active workers burn up 2,500 Calories a day. Unless their diet contains at least 2,500 Calories to replace them, they will lose their strength and efficiency. Children especially, need a diet that will keep their energy going. Because Fry's Cocoa is an important source of Calories, it is of the greatest value in ensuring the proper growth of children, and maintaining the fitness of grown-ups.

Longer hours, extra work . . .

then the extra pleasure of a bath with

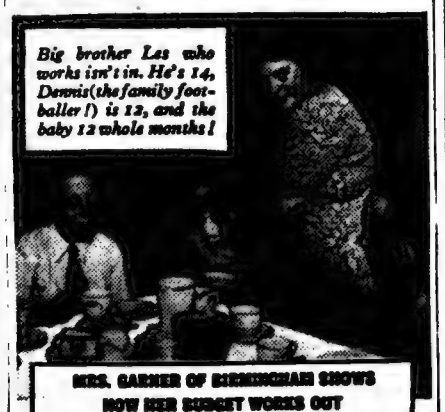
LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

—the soap that refreshes, invigorates *and prevents* "B.O."



LET 460-66-65 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

BIRMINGHAM FAMILY OF SIX MANAGES ON £3 A WEEK



Big brother Les who works isn't in. He's 14, Dennis (the family footballer!) is 12, and the baby 12 whole months!

MRS. GARNER OF BIRMINGHAM SHOWS HOW HER BUDGET WORKS OUT

	£	s	d
Rent		12	0
Electricity		3	0
Coal Club		2	6
Clothes Club		4	6
Insurance		2	1
Food	1	10	0
Holiday Club		2	6
Husband's Expenses		3	5
	£3	0	0

3 nearly grown-up lads and the baby get extra-nourishing meals because Mrs. Garner finds **ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION**

"THERE seems a real *crowd* when we all sit down to our evening meal together," says Mrs. Garner. "And lor' love-a-duck, do my three boys *tuck in!* They're *always* hungry, especially young Les who goes out to work like his dad! Even with Leslie's extra 10/- a week I only have £1.10.0 for food, so I *have* to make meals go a long way. That's why we always have Rowntree's Cocoa — it helps to satisfy all their appetites. And I *know* they're getting all the nourishment they need when they drink Rowntree's Cocoa, because it aids digestion and so makes *all* the food more nourishing."

• • •

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself—it actually helps people to digest all their other food *more quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more goodness out of their meals—put on *extra* bone, muscle and tissue.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA has a lovely, rich chocolaty flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup—that's why it's so much more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. Remember this too: because Rowntree's is *pre-digested* it helps your supper or late night snack to "go down better." Digestive troubles can't disturb your sleep.

Lively youngsters, full of pep! Leslie was out at work earning that helpful extra 10/- when the photographer snapped this typical family group!

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

Human Machine

How to be happy

HAPPINESS at such a time as this depends on two things: the ease with which you can adjust yourself to the new order of living, and the ease with which you can make decisions that satisfy, not only reason, but also emotions.

And the amount of happiness you are to achieve depends solely on your ability to balance reason and emotion without allowing either to have the dominant position.

Whatever decision you make must satisfy reason and emotion.

Whatever situation you face, you can't be happy unless your feelings say "yes" as well as your brain.

You can't be happy if you are over-optimistic.

You can't be happy if you allow pessimism to rule you.

Over-optimism and over-pessimism are caused through feelings running away with reason.

Try to balance the two and maintain sound judgment.

Go on living your own life.

Don't abandon your personality to anyone else. It still matters—probably more than ever before—what *you* think and what *you* do.

More than ever, be self-reliant.

No one can bring you happiness except yourself. It is a state of mind that has to be created from within. It cannot be imported.

Realise that the foundation of happiness is contentment. Envy, discontent, rebellion, restlessness, these are fatal to a happy frame of mind.

We shall all have to make adjustments and readjustments to our lives. Our happiness will depend entirely on our willingness to make them.

Continuing from previous page

Will Scott's Story

o'clock, I thought I'd go outside and do a bit of gardening just to keep my mind off things. And there at the fence was my neighbour's wife, waiting for me.

"Well," she said breathlessly, "what does he say?"

I'm afraid I stared.

"The Man Who Brings The Fish," she added. "His brother. Any news?"

"Oh!" said I. "I can't say. We never have fish on Tuesdays. I shall see him to-morrow."

SHE seemed very disappointed.

Well, that night I went down to the local again, and I had hardly got in through the door before everybody in the bar was telling me about the 30 German planes which had been brought down over the North Sea.

"It wasn't in the nine o'clock news," said I.

The landlord explained.

"I got it from The Man Who Brings The Fish. After what you told me last night, I 'phoned him to bring a couple of cutlets to-day. We trade with Canberry's as a rule, but you've got to get the news somehow in these times."

My wife agreed when I told her.

"The papers are so depressing—as well as empty. Roll along eleven minutes to eleven to-morrow, I say, so that we can hear the latest."

But it was nearer five minutes to eleven before The Man Who Brings The Fish turned up next day.

Not that we complained. The news he had from his brother about the rising in Berlin drove all thought of our own petty affairs from our heads.

And when he was gone we hurried out to the garden to tell our neighbours.

They were at the fence waiting for us.

"Isn't it splendid!" said our neighbour's wife. "A rising in Berlin!"

"How *did* you know?" we asked.

"The Man Who Brings The Fish," she replied. "We get our fish from him now, you see."

"Oh," we said.

NOW, there's nothing like good news, I will admit. But when your fish turns up at half-past eleven, a quarter to twelve, and even ten minutes to, you begin to get a little uneasy.

And that's what was happening before the war was three weeks old.

In fact, at last, five past twelve!

I went to the gate to see if he was in sight and came back with my report.

"His bicycle's outside number fifteen," I said.

"Then he won't be long now," said my wife.

But years seemed to pass! I went to the gate again. His bicycle was now outside number thirteen. And a little later I saw it outside number eleven.

And before it reached our house it had stopped at every other house.

And *was* I ready for him when the door-bell rang?

"This," said I, "is where I tell him right off."

But what do you think? When we opened the door there was a small boy with the fish.

"Daddy won't be doing the round any more," he told us. "He's much too busy in the shop. Doesn't know which way to turn, Daddy doesn't. I shall be coming instead, now I've left school."

"Oh!" said I. "Oh! I see. Thank you. Any news from your uncle?"

"Uncle?" said he.

"In London," said I.

"*My* uncle?" said he.

"Your father's brother," said I.

"Sorry, sir," said he. "I haven't got an uncle. Never did have."

"Oh!" said I.

"Good morning, sir," said he.

I suppose it's called Enterprise. War or no war, you've got to be up and doing.

You see, The Man Who Brings The Fish may have no brother in London, high or low . . . but he's got the biggest fish business in the town to-day.

Here's a chance to become a detective—No. 1

Find the Aero-spy

"WHAT'S all the trouble?" demanded Captain John Connolly—the Intelligence Department's "Ace" investigator—as he climbed out of his car at the Aero Co.'s testing-ground at 3.30 a.m.

"Robbery!" Geoffrey Stimson, the manager, answered briefly. "But I think it was only a 'blind' to cover an attempt to steal the plans of the new bomb-sight."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, when the night watchman was doing his 2 a.m. rounds, he found that someone had broken into the locker room in the Administration Block and had stolen about fifteen shillings. Yet the Pay Office, where all the money's kept, hasn't been touched.

"HOWEVER, we're keeping the plans of the bomb-sight in the Drawing Office, in the Administration Block, for the time being, because we've got a couple of men on night-shift, working on them.

"When the night watchman searched the ground he found a fellow hiding in a tool-hut. Would you like to question the man?"

"Most certainly. Lead the way!"

The suspect was an ill-kempt fellow.

"What's your name?" asked Connolly.

"Brookes—Stanley Brookes," came the answer. "But what's that to you? Who are you? What am I being kept here for, anyway?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know why you're here?"

"No! The chap who grabbed me won't tell me. And nobody else won't neither. What's the big idea? You ain't got any right to keep me here, like this!"

"You'll soon find out what the idea is," Connolly retorted. "What are you doing around here?"

"I was looking for somewhere to sleep. I was walking to Archcliff and I saw this place. So I thought I'd see if I could find somewhere to doss."

"Don't you know that this place is a Prohibited Area?"

"NO, I don't. How could I? I ain't never been in these parts before. The first time I ever saw this place was when I come past it in the dark!"

"Have you been over near the Administration Block?"

"No, I ain't. I was goin' over there, when I first came in about 11 o'clock. But I saw a light on in the Drawing Office. So I looked around until I came across the tool-hut."

"Is that so?" Connolly asked in mock politeness. "Well, now we're going to find you a nice cell. And you'll be darned lucky if we don't find you a nice blank wall a little later on!"

WHY DID HE SAY THAT? The solution is given at the foot of column 3 on page 30.

"Greatest of These"

WITH devoted regularity, Mrs. Chassels has been visiting her husband in a Mental Home for four years, trying to smile bravely in the face of most desperate odds.

Clothing and feeding four children under fourteen, and paying 8s. a week rent, this woman is always struggling to make ends meet on 25s. a week.

She remains optimistic, and the minister of the church where she attends assures us that she is absolutely temperate, honest and upright.

Surely this plucky woman, striving desperately in difficult circumstances, is entitled to some encouragement—tangible encouragement.

Donations should be earmarked "Shrapnel," and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Her father is ill

We gratefully acknowledge £1. E. F. (Wilts); M. S. (King's Bromley), 1s.; "East Surrey Regt.," 2s.; B. I. M. (Yorks), 2s. 6d.; Anon (Folkestone), £1. Anon (Wirral), 10s.

STOMACH PAIN QUICKLY CURED

What a relief to know that you can get rid of the pain and discomfort of Indigestion in a twinkling with a couple of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets. Their alkalizing effect is practically instantaneous. The moment they reach your stomach, the excess-acidity that is causing your pain becomes normalised and so your pain disappears. You have no more flatulence or "blown-out" feeling. Your stomach gets back to normal and you can enjoy your food again. Get a tin of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets to-day.

NEW 6D TIN

(15 FULL SIZE TABLETS)

Actual size of Tablets and 6d. Tin

Also Economy Pocket Tin (25 Tablets) 9d.; Slide-Top Tin (50 Tablets) 1/3

Always look for the Signature "Alex. C. Maclean" on the Tin

Have you heard?

EDITH: "*and Roy gets so wild if I waste time making-up.*"

MOLLY: "*spoilt the evening for me knowing my nose was shiny.*"

HILDA: "*so even out of doors I never carry a compact.*"

Shiny nose. How girls dread it! How men detest it! Yet they get so impatient if you're always powdering. Be wise then. Use Snowfire Powder-Cream, which takes barely a moment to put on and clings for hours. Snowfire Powder-Cream makes your skin matt, smooth and adorable. It cannot clog the pores. In Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades.

Jars or Tubes 6D

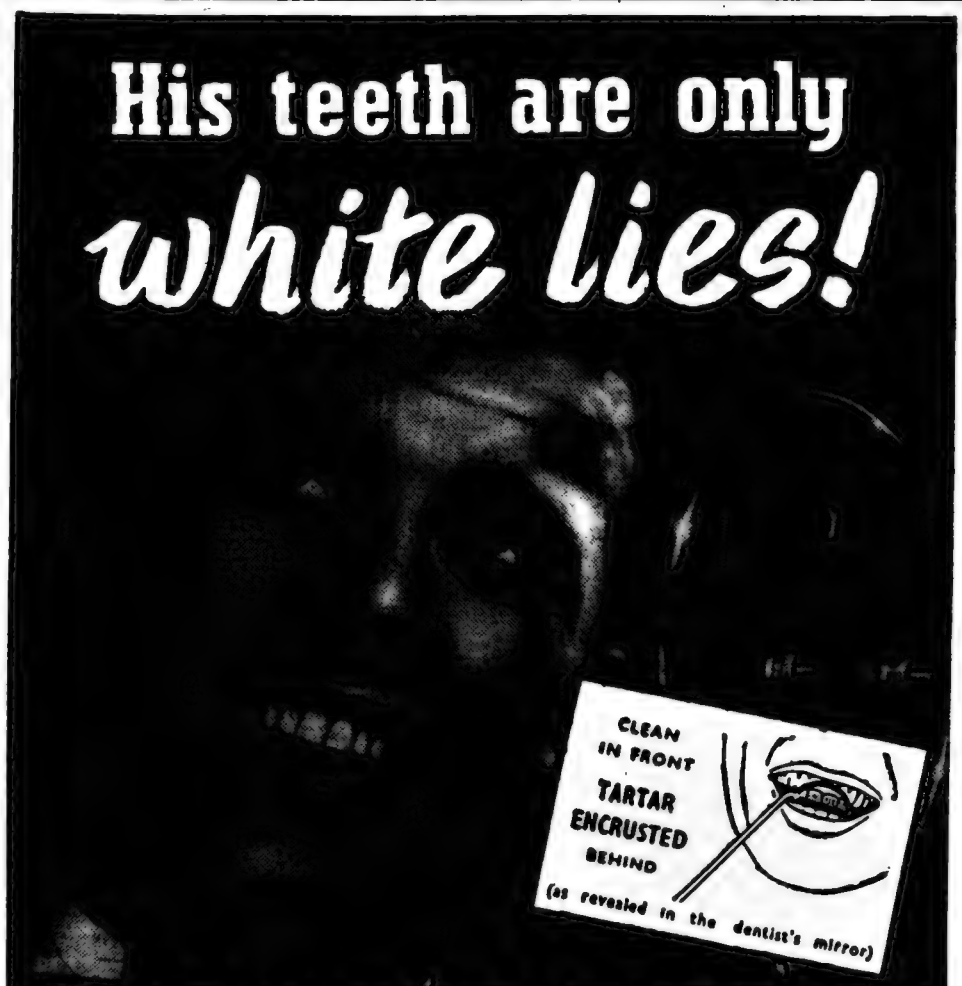
Handbag Containers 3D

Snowfire

POWDER-CREAM

'Snowfire sets hearts afire'

His teeth are only white lies!



SOLIDOX 6D

TOOTHPASTE

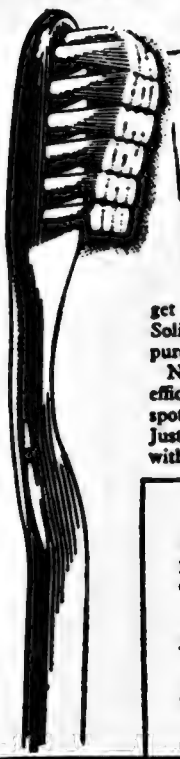
BIG TUBE

SOL 10-383-65

SOLIDOX makes sure that your teeth are truly white . . . and free from tartar!

Teeth may look lovely in front yet be covered with tartar at the back; such teeth are dangerous "white lies."

Protect your teeth against tartar by using Solidox regularly. Solidox, the only toothpaste to contain Ricinosulphate (covered by British Patent No. 259942), safely, gently, removes tartar, prevents it re-forming, and keeps your teeth dazzling white and healthy. Have lovely teeth, and protect them from tartar with Solidox!



FREE TOOTHBRUSH TO SOLIDOX USERS

To encourage you to give Solidox a trial, and to help you get the best and quickest result at no extra cost, the makers of Solidox offer free this splendid Solidox toothbrush (sterilised, pure bristles, value 1/-).

Notice how the bristles and handle are shaped to give the most efficient and comfortable use . . . to get Solidox right to the danger spots behind the teeth. It's easy to get the Solidox toothbrush. Just fill in the coupon below and post it (before 18th Nov. 1939) with *one* Solidox carton, together with 1½d stamp for return postage.

Cut out this coupon NOW!

To John Knight Ltd. (Dept. Y. 54), London, E.16.

Please send me my free gift of a Solidox toothbrush. I enclose *one* Solidox carton, and 1½d stamp for return postage.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

HUMANIST this week helps those haunted by the slanderous tongues of neighbours. Can he help you?

"Don't look now—but . . ." How many conversations among gossiping neighbours, starting this way, end by bringing misery to the object of their attention?

"Shall I Run Away?"

SLANDEROUS tongues never cease wagging. And slanderers, whose pointed, malicious stories do so much damage, never cease to prosecute their evil missions, even though they don't seem to derive any real benefit from spreading misguided gossip.

If only they had the decency to realise how much misery they bring to happy lives, they might be persuaded to stop this persecution.

But they go on relentlessly. They can be stopped only when they go too far and let themselves in for a slander suit.

Until this happens, their victims live in constant fear of evil tongues, writing to me asking whether they should run away or face the ordeal of watching their neighbours and colleagues whispering furtively behind their backs, casting tell-tale glances in their direction, wondering about the latest slice of slander.

"This is worse than living in Hell," writes a woman when pleading that I should advise her how to deal with gossiping neighbours who even climb the garden fence to listen at her back door.

She is separated from her husband and tries to maintain her two children in a three-bedroomed house on a small allowance.

"Turning People Against Me!"

"This allowance is not enough," she adds, "and to supplement my income I either go out to work or let rooms.

"Probably because I am rather diffident about associating with neighbours, they seem resentful and they are only too eager to make me uncomfortable. While I try to keep very much to myself they go so far as to stop my lodgers in the street and tell them that I am not to be trusted, that I have men visiting the house at all hours of day and night.

"They do everything possible to turn people against me. They even insult my lodgers when they cannot persuade them to leave my house, accusing them of being as bad as I am. Yet I am most strict.

"Nothing improper ever happens in my house, and the police have warned the scandalmongers. But their evil tongues seem to be busier than before.

"All this persecution makes me very depressed, and I wonder whether I should run away. But I cannot leave my home, and I can only hope that in time the malicious tongues will cease. Do you think they will?"

The trouble with such scandalmongering neighbours is that their evil tongues are inspired by diseased imaginations. In their midst there is usually a fountain head. Clear away that centre of infection and the disease will disappear.

Easy to say, but not easy to do.

The slanderer, poisoning minds around him, is not to be caught without a struggle, and you must have evidence that is indisputable before you even threaten to prosecute for slander.

Witnesses must have a story that is full of facts, and they must stick to them. Even so, I don't suggest that this persecuted woman should leave her home.

Why should she?

Her conscience is clear. Until she can get absolute proof against the ringleader of the slanderers she must continue to endure this persecution with patience and fortitude.

The root of the trouble is probably her refusal to associate with her neighbours. They resent independence, and try to avenge themselves in this spiteful manner.

You might think evil tongues are to be found only in villages, but a woman living in a city writes to say she is persecuted because she and her husband, well educated and cheerful people, are not willing to be too familiar with the neighbours.

"Two elderly spinsters, living in the flat immediately above our own, make our lives a misery," she says. "They are narrow-minded, self-centred and vulgar.

"When they have a grievance they yell abuse at my husband so that everyone else can hear.

"One of them has such a terrible temper that even tradesmen are afraid of her. But she is not half so abusive to them as she is to my husband. If we associated with them we should probably get on better.

"Last week the bad-tempered woman yelled falsehoods at my husband, but not until she attacked me did he retort.

"She took her revenge by writing a long letter of complaint to the owner of the flat. My husband wants to consult a solicitor, but I feel that the expense is not justified. All the same, this miserable business is spoiling our lives."

Not Merely a "Squabble"

I advise her to be patient. The reason for the personal malice in these attacks is fairly evident, and the best plan is to continue to ignore the evil spinsters. Sooner or later they will go too far and make themselves liable to prosecution for slander.

A case of this kind should not be taken to court unless it is too serious to be overlooked.

Still, it is too flagrant to be dismissed as a mere "squabble."

You can sympathise with the man and his wife made unhappy by these onslaughts of temper, but imagine the state of mind of those creating the trouble. They must be poisoned by their own venom.

A mischief-maker is to be pitied. Yet it is hard to forgive. You have to be exceptionally generous to suffer kindly the "pinpricks" described in a letter from a married man, whose love for his wife and family is endangered by slander.

"Before our marriage," he says, "my wife had the misfortune to have a baby. She told me about it before we had known each other very long, but I put her at ease by recalling my own 'past.'

"Now we have a happy home there are certain people who are urgently trying to trace my wife's pedigree. They hint that I should never have married her, saying she is not a 'good 'un.'

"It does not stop there. They go so far as to question her relations, and in trying to get all possible information about her they have scored to a certain extent. When I am in hearing, they bring the conversation round to my wife's 'past,' and seem to delight in scorning her.

"My wife was perfectly straightforward with me, and our family life has nothing to do with other people. But I feel I can't stand much more of their scandal-mongering.

"If my wife goes out, she is watched. If she stays in the house, they say she is lazy. What can she do? What can I do to stop the business?

I can repeat only that mischief-makers must be endured as long as possible. Taking the matter to law should be a final resort.

We are told to suffer fools gladly. And we may be able to do it—with an effort. But it is far from easy to suffer knaves.

There are jolly scoundrels you cannot help liking, but the cold-blooded slanderer, the malicious carrier of tales, and the defiler of other people's good names can never be excused. He deserves no more mercy than a poisonous snake.

Listen to this man of twenty-six who is finding life unbearable.

They Think I'm Wicked

"I am so self-conscious that I am driven into a corner," he says. "I cannot make a friend. Since I was a boy, I have always had the idea that people were staring at me.

"When I talk to people, I am nervous and can't forget myself. I blush at nothing, and what few friends I had have deserted me.

"And they have spread a rumour in the village where I lived before coming to town that I am a bad character.

"My people want me to go home, but I can't face the music. I must go sooner or later. I have done nothing wrong and live a good clean life. I am strictly honest with myself and everybody else. But I just happen to suffer from this terrible self-consciousness which makes me feel I must be different."

This young man must go home at the first opportunity. Nothing is gained by postponement. If people in the village are spreading rumours that he is a bad character, they must be idiots!

A man suffering so much from self-consciousness that he blushes every time anyone speaks to him cannot run wild.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

MODERN MOTHERS SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

Maternity Random

SPENCER MATERNITY BELT

Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the critical maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Brassière gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 33, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel.: Regent 3725 (Entrance, 2, Stafford St.)
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LIVERPOOL: 79, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., 8. Bristol 24801
EDINBURGH: 30a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25693
MANCHESTER: 38a, King St., 2. Blackfriars 9075
LEEDS: 2, Bond St., 1. Leeds 26586

My wife and I spent most of last Saturday filling sandbags on Hampstead Heath. It made my muscles ache in places where I didn't know I had any.

Today as never before we all need 1ST GROUP SLEEP

War-time shopping for the family needs extra-good management. I've got to think hard and work hard, and I can tell you I'm pretty tired by the time evening comes.

Three weeks ago I was a hairdresser and now I'm a policeman. When I'm off duty I've still got to think about my business. In a way the war's a double job for me.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH ONE DO YOU BELONG TO?

3RD GROUP SLEEP. Bad sleepers, people who find it hard to go to sleep, or people who wake tired in the morning, belong to this Group. This kind of sleep drains the physical, nervous and mental powers.

The cause is excess acid waste products in the blood at night — *activating* brain and nerves. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

2ND GROUP SLEEP. People in this Group wake fresh enough, yet feel they lack energy during the day. They get tired easily, feel 'nervy,' run-down. They can't concentrate.

Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 3, to a slightly lesser degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition — ensures 1st Group Sleep.

1ST GROUP SLEEP. People in this Group sleep perfectly. Even though they get only 6 or 7 hours in bed, they have endless energy during the day. They are never handicapped by 'nerves' or tiredness.

They get the right kind of sleep — that completely refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everybody should have and that only Horlicks gives.

IN these times of increased activity and extra strain the best of our defences for the brain and body is good sleep.

Scientists say there are 3 kinds of sleep — and it is tremendously important which kind you get. Hospital tests have shown that the reason why so many people wake tired — feel run-down, 'nervy,' depressed — is because they belong to the 2nd or 3rd sleep groups. The accumulation of the body's acid waste products in the blood *activates* their brain and nerves all night.

After experimenting with many foods and drinks, doctors found that only Horlicks taken at bedtime counteracted these excess acid waste products. Horlicks thus guards against Night Starvation and gives you 1st Group Sleep.

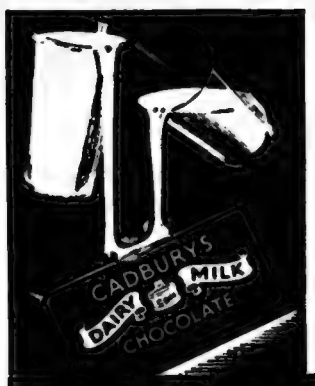
Many of the world's most famous people drink Horlicks every night. Start drinking Horlicks yourself — get 1st Group Sleep — and notice how much better you feel all day.

NO NEED TO ADD MILK

Horlicks is not a drug but a food. It is one of the most nourishing foods in the world. No need to add milk, the milk is already in it. Just mix with water. Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

***HORLICKS** at bedtime gives you*
1ST Group Sleep YOU GET THE BEST OUT OF YOUR SLEEP, NOW WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST.

IF IT'S CHOCOLATE THEN IT'S FOOD



There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every ½ lb. block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.

CADBURY'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
'feeds you on your feet'

Tommy, Jack and Bill Must Have CHEAPER PARCELS

Arm-in-arm, the forces are marching forward "as to war," knowing full well that their interests at home will be protected by "John Bull"

UNFAIR that the cost of sending parcels to troops should be far beyond the means of many Servicemen's families!

Half-a-crown postage on a few comforts for the lads in France drains the purses of thousands of wives and mothers.

The Postmaster-General has promised to think again about his Department's absurdly high rates. Apparently he is a slow thinker, and JOHN BULL will continue to criticise him unless reductions are speedily forthcoming.

But other war time worries are being lifted, thanks to the co-operation of Ministers.

Hundreds of other problems, existing because new regulations are not yet generally understood, continue to be solved by JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Department.

Perhaps you, too, can lose a war headache by reading these abbreviated answers to a few of the queries sent to us by relatives of Soldier Tommy, Sailor Jack and Airman Bill:

Mrs. P., Surbiton.—"Am I obliged to pay rent whilst my husband is soldiering?"

Pay as much as you can; then the landlord can't eject you without a court order. Best try to persuade him to accept smaller payments; many landlords are agreeing to reduce the rent.

If he refuses, arrears must be cleared up after the end of the war.

W. W., Treharris.—"Can a conscript claim compensation when he has to leave his own business?"

Unfortunately, no.

J. C., Rotherham.—"My unmarried brother has been living with a married woman and her children. He, too, has a child by her. Now that he has been called up, can he obtain any allowances?"

He can claim an allowance for the woman who lives with him as a dependant and an allowance for his child.

No allowance, however, for the children of the woman by her husband, unless your brother adopts them—which he cannot do if the husband is still alive.

A. P., Bournemouth.—"War conditions make it impossible for me to pay full instalments on my radio set, and the vendors threaten to claim it."

They cannot do so without a court order, if you refuse to allow them to take it. Offer what you can afford and let them get on with it!

Mrs. P., Southampton.—"I lost my husband in the "Courageous" disaster; am I freed of hire-purchase liabilities?"

Unfortunately, no. But the firm should agree to spread instalments over a long period, or you might get help from one of the voluntary naval funds. Write to the Secretary, Admiralty, London, S.W., giving full details.

C. D., Nottingham.—"I am a single man, with no relatives, who has been getting his home together. What will happen to it when I am called up?"

You will get only the ordinary rate of pay, no allowance because you have no dependant.

We can only advise you to store the furniture to save rent and rates.

E. M., Petts Wood.—"In July I paid a deposit on a car and driving lessons. The car has not been delivered and I cannot now afford it. What is the position?"

You can claim return of deposit if delivery on fixed date was an integral part of the contract. Reasonable compromise would be to deduct the cost of lessons you have had from the deposit.

Mrs. B., London.—"My tenants have left because the house is in a danger area; am I compelled to pay full rates?"

If you let unfurnished flats as separate dwellings, and tenants have removed their furniture, apply to rates office for relief.

If you let furnished lodgings, you continue to be liable even if you empty some rooms of furniture. Try to get time to pay in this case.

W. R., Walworth.—"My son, now in the R.A.F., had paid 37s. 6d. towards cost of his cycle; can the firm claim it?"

If the amount already paid is at least one-third of the purchase price, the cycle cannot be seized except by order of the court unless the agreement was signed before January 1, 1939.

Mrs. S., Yorkshire.—"My husband, gardener on a small estate, has been called up. His employer wants our cottage for a new man; must I lose home and my husband his job?"

An employer is due to re-engage, after the war, a man who has had to leave his employment to serve in H.M. Forces. He will be punished unless he does so, except when he proves that his business conditions have been completely altered.

Nor can he turn you out without court order or finding you other accommodation.

* * *

Well, there are a few of the conundrums which keep our experts busy.

We are willing to tackle any you have to ask us on any subject except personal health. Service allowances, pensions, hire-purchase, rent, income tax, legal matters, subjects of general interest, advice on domestic difficulties—our Free Advice Service will deal with them all.

A three-halfpenny stamp for an answer will be appreciated, nor should you forget that we can help only if you provide us with the details of your difficulty.

Above all, remember to

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT.

Do You Think Quickly?

HERE is a new Wits Test to which you can devote ten minutes. Even though you have not yet competed, you must often have read a list of winning *Bullets*. These *Bullets* consist of any two, three or four well-chosen words added to a given phrase called an *Example*. This ten-minute Wits Test is devised to entertain and to show how you can work out winning *Bullets* for yourself.

Take this as a SPECIMEN. To the *Example* **JOB FOR BULLDOG**, a competitor has added four words to complete a telling *Bullet*. Here is that *Bullet* with one of its four winning words incomplete.

JOB FOR BULLDOG—KEEPING TRADE'S G——S OPEN.

The missing word might be "galleries" or "gangways," but neither of these is appropriate to denote a bulldog's post of duty.

"Gateways" was the word the winning entrant used in a *Bullet* that won the First Prize last week.

See whether you can discover the words omitted from these eight prize *Bullets*; dots indicate the number of letters omitted.

Grandpa's On A.R.P., So—His Tricycle's Labelled P . . . . . Y!

Fright For The Profiteer—Attempting "Raid," Publicity's S . . . . . T.

Rich And Poor—Closer, Defending L . . . . . Y'S "Wealth."

Hitlerism—Germany's "Rod"—And S . . . . R.

Lesson For Germany—Realising "Heads" Aren't S . . . E.

My House—Jerrybuilt—Evacuees D . . . . . N Squad!

Optimist:—"If you please, sir—could I transfer to a non-combatant unit? I've just won a pound a week for life in 'John Bull's' Crossword"

Pulling Together—Profiteers—P . . L In Together!

Hitlerism—"Ashes"—Then F . . . . . S Brighter.

Are the words you have chosen as apt as those used in the actual prize *Bullets*? Turn to page 31 and see for yourself. There you will find the actual winning *Bullets* on which this Test has been based.

Each prize *Bullet* that you attempted to complete has secured a war time cheque this week for a JOHN BULL reader. See how easily you could build up a neat *Bullet* for yourself to win one of the prizes in this week's offer!

Let's all Smile —the Odol Smile

Let's all smile the winning smile, the Odol Smile! Nothing more quickly dispels depression. Nothing more surely conquers *all* hearts. So, pack up your troubles and smile the Odol Smile—the sign of sound teeth and a healthy mouth.

Odol preserves your teeth because it safeguards the protective enamel from the scratching and scouring.

So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made—it gives you a winning smile, the Odol Smile—for keeps!

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Odol

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin

MOTHER... Stop that cold before it takes hold!

The cold that hangs on must not be neglected — it may lead to asthma, chronic catarrh, head noises, deafness, bronchitis, sinus troubles—and *worse*. So check and smash that cold AT ONCE with POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES.

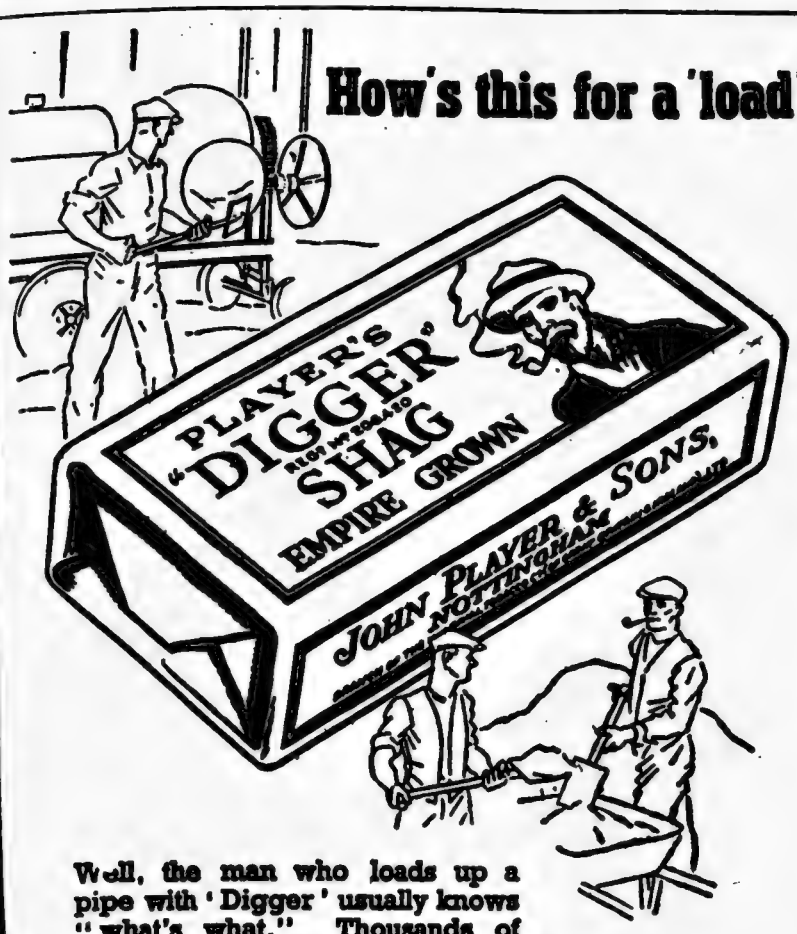
These powerfully antiseptic Pastilles nip the cold in the bud, dissipate catarrh, soothe inflamed passages, fill the lungs with healing antiseptic vapours—and soon the system is throwing off the cold. Thousands go free every winter by keeping a tin of these wonderfully effective and quickly-acting Pastilles. The conveniently sized tin handy (suitable for pocket and handbag) as a protection when travelling when in crowded places where infection is rife. 1/3d. any chemists, or 1/4½d. post free from sole makers:

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.
60V, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

C.P.21

How's this for a 'load'?



Well, the man who loads up a pipe with 'Digger' usually knows "what's what." Thousands of smokers agree on 'Digger' for a satisfying pipeful and an ounce is well worth a trial. 'DIGGER' HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO. Need we say more?

PLAYER'S
DIGGER
TOBACCOS

FLAKE - SHAG - MIXTURE - PLUG - HONEYDEW

11D AN OZ

P.D.76

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES

IDEAL FOR STORING—IMPROVE WITH KEEPING—ALWAYS READY AND NOURISHING.

Distressing PILES

Ended By Famous Ointment.

ESCAPE the torment of piles by using Zam-Buk. This world-famed herbal ointment is renowned for soothing and healing. It reduces pain, swelling and inflammation, checks the bleeding and causes the protrusions gradually to disappear. Don't suffer a day longer—get a box of Zam-Buk and use according to the printed directions.

"I contracted piles through working in all weathers. The pain became so severe I could only get about in great discomfort. But Zam-Buk gave me immediate relief and as I continued with this grand treatment the piles gradually disappeared until I was free from them."—Mr. J. H. P., London.

Zam-Buk Brand

Healing Soothing Antiseptic

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep. Price for Suppositories & Ointment, 1/3 per box.

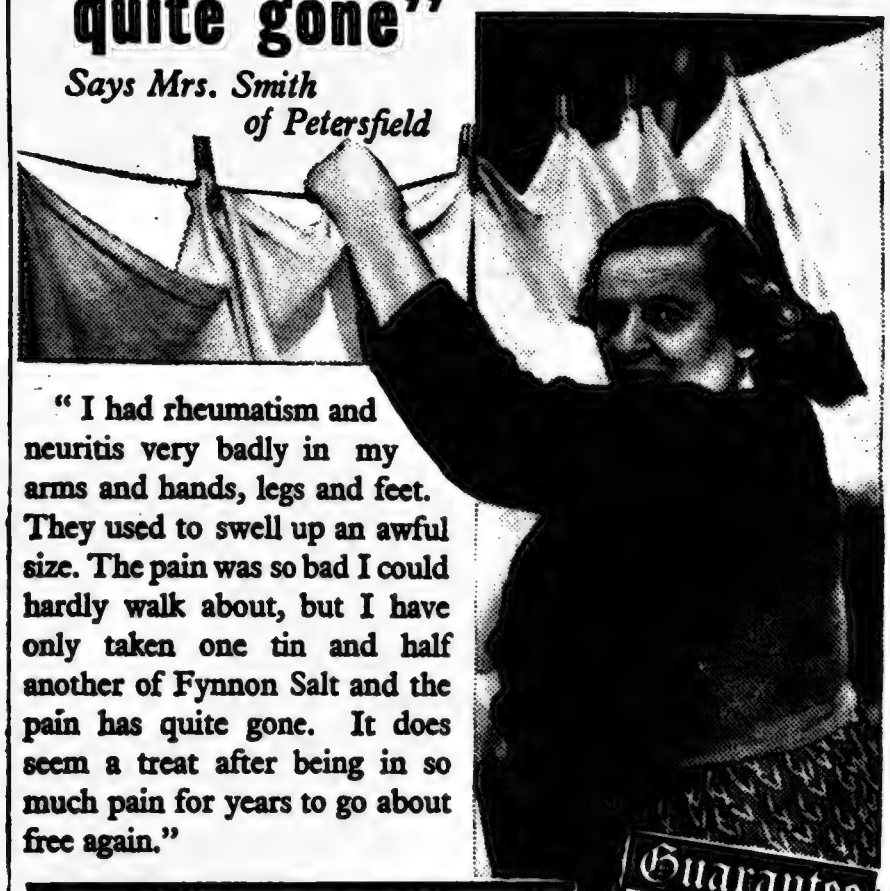
FOR INWARD PILES

Real-life stories of

RHEUMATISM

"awful swelling and pain quite gone"

Says Mrs. Smith of Petersfield



"I had rheumatism and neuritis very badly in my arms and hands, legs and feet. They used to swell up an awful size. The pain was so bad I could hardly walk about, but I have only taken one tin and half another of Fynnon Salt and the pain has quite gone. It does seem a treat after being in so much pain for years to go about free again."

Guarantee

We guarantee that the testimonial published here, like every other testimonial we publish, is genuine and unsolicited: the photograph is of Mrs. Smith.

Fit as a Fiddle on FYNNON

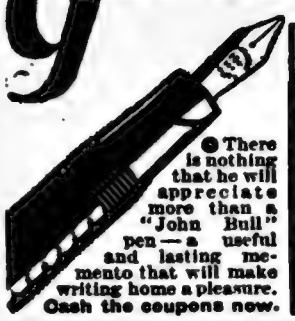
Doesn't it hearten you to read Mrs. Smith's thankful letter? Fynnon Salt brings even greater blessings than relief from pain. For it bestows a new bounty of health in place of suffering. Your liver and kidneys, once sluggish and weak, now become full of activity. Very soon they rid your system of the acid poisons that have been crippling you with pain and stiffness. Then they cleanse every cell in your body. Health, suppleness good appetite and good sleep are the natural result.

Nature's Wonderful Salts of the Earth

Foremost among Nature's curative elements are *sodium, potassium and lithium.* These are the Salts that effect such marvellous cures at exclusive Spas. No wonder that Fynnon, the only remedy which contains all these in concentrated form, has such amazing success. One teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt daily in a tumblerful of water provides a Spa treatment in the comfort of your home. From your chemist—large tin, 1/3.

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

Give him a "John Bull" Pen



There is nothing that he will appreciate more than a "John Bull" pen—a useful and lasting memento that will make writing home a pleasure. Cash the coupons now.

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON VALUE 3d

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 9d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/9 plus 9d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 9d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 124-125, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Giants of the Ring—No. 2

DANDY thrashes BLACKSMITH

A. W. HELLIWELL *continues his dynamic series of true-life stories from the boxing-ring by following lanky, red-headed Bob Fitzsimmons from his father's blacksmith's forge to the threshold of world championship fame.*

THE ramshackle door, swinging creakily, releases a curious spate of sound into the street.

It is made up of crisp, rhythmic slaps as though someone is beating a wet sack with a stick, and the dull, slower thud of heavier blows.

From time to time, bulky individuals whose punch-battered profiles plainly advertise their calling, shoulder their way through the door, revealing beyond a large, brightly lit room in which a number of youngsters are strenuously engaged.

And now the source of those odd noises is obvious. These young athletes, whose skins gleam with the satiny bloom of health, are busy shadow-boxing, sparring with one another and hammering punch-bags with fists encased in skin-tight leather gloves.

This is Larry Foley's gymnasium, the famous training ground in Sydney, Australia, where such world-renowned fighters as Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin have learned their art.

It is here that Foley, full of the pugilistic cunning that he has learned from his old master, Jem Mace, teaches budding champions the not-so-gentle art of fisticuffs.

The fame of his gymnasium spreads far and wide, so that it is not strange that in time it reaches the ears of Robert Fitzsimmons, who, following his second success in the local amateur boxing tournament, has decided to leave his father's forge and seek fame and fortune with his fists.

Just nineteen, brimming with confidence, and eager to hammer his way swiftly to the top, Fitz, after a meteoric rise through the ranks of New Zealand professionals, looked for wider worlds to conquer.

He made his way to Australia, and inevitably arrived at Larry's gymnasium.

The Saturday night tournaments here attracted all the sporting men in Sydney, and Bob, slightly intoxicated by the ease with which he had toppled over a few second-rate New Zealanders, brazenly requested a place on the bill.

Foley, eyeing the awkward-looking, sandy-haired youngster, shook his head with a doubtful grimace, but Fitz would not take "No" for an answer.

Reading the old professor's thoughts, he glanced around the gymnasium and spotted a rugged-looking giant slugging away at a bag in one corner.

"I'll soon show you what I can do," he boasted. "I'll fight 'im."

Foley regarded his reedy, top-heavy body with a pitying smile.

"You want to grow a bit before you start talking like that, son," he said. "He'd eat you."

"Not me he won't," said Fitz grimly. "I'll fight 'im for yer next Saturday. And I'll lick 'im."

PERHAPS with the hope of curing his cocksure opinion, but certainly with no idea that he ever could win, Foley agreed.

The following Saturday found Bob glowering darkly across the ring at big Bull Bramsmead, the huge heavyweight he had so recklessly challenged.

The young blacksmith, who barely scaled 10 stone, was giving away almost a third of his weight. He came shuffling awkwardly from his corner—a knock-kneed, spindle-legged David, facing a menacing-looking Goliath, who, so it seemed, had but to raise his fist to crush his impudent opponent.

A few of the ringsiders tittered to see a pair apparently so unevenly matched, but their smiles froze as they saw Ruby Robert get to work.

Elusive as a shadow, for all his ungainly physique, he stepped inside the giant's ponderous blows and smashed a vicious right and left into his stomach muscles.

Inside two rounds it was over. Bewildered by the swiftness of the attack, numbed by the paralysing punches that rained upon him from every angle, Bramsmead sank to his knees while the audience roared a welcome at the be-freckled young Cornishman.

With his foot planted thus firmly on the towering ladder of fame, Bob climbed rapidly, adding one sensational victory to another until there were few men in Australia left for him to beat.

But, carrying all before him in much the same fashion, came that tall and handsome playboy of the ring, swaggering Jim Hall.

Hall was a dark-haired dandy whose exploits were the talk of Sydney. Like Fitz, he had none of the looks of a fighter.

His white-skinned, long-limbed elegance and his almost effeminate good looks seemed out of place in the rough-and-tumble of the ring.

YET how deceptive they were! In action, the slim Sydney playboy became a fighting demon, a relentless battler who slashed and hammered his way to victory with a mocking, taunting smile on his full red lips.

Sydney idolised him—the sporting gentry because of his open-handed generosity, for money flowed through Jim's hands like water; and the women for his dark, good looks and captivating manners.

Hall lived like a millionaire. The best tailor in Australia made his clothes. He wore pure silk shirts, dined and wined huge parties at the most expensive restaurants, gave away five-shilling cigars as nonchalantly as another man would hand round a packet of cigarettes, and lavished jewels upon his many sweethearts.

And this was the man who first halted Fitz's rocket-like progress towards the stars.

The red-haired smith would rather have taken a hiding from any man in the world than Hall, for between these two, so vastly different in looks and temperament, there was bitter hatred.

It flamed to life at their first meeting when they were introduced in Foley's gymnasium.

The good-looking young Australian eyed Fitz with arrogant self-assurance as they shook hands, and a mocking smile flickered on his lips.

BOB, very sensitive to his own sartorial deficiencies compared with Hall's dandified appearance, read the meaning of that superior grin and his eyes narrowed ominously.

"Where yer going, Mister Fashion-plate?" he growled. "To a blinking tea-party?"

Hall took a quick step towards Fitz, who, delighted with his own ponderous wit, was laughing hugely.

Then, realising the Australian's intention, he fell into fighting stance, and the pair of them would have been at each other's throats there and then if they had not been parted.

It was some time before they were matched, but whenever they encountered one another they had to be forcibly restrained from beginning a stand-up brawl.

It was the same story every time. Hall's arrogance and barbed tongue infuriated Fitz until he retorted, and from

(Continued on page 28)

Clean false teeth this easy way

There is an easy way to keep false teeth stainless, sterilized and fresh. Just put your dentures in a tumbler of water in which 'Steradent' powder has been dissolved, as directed on the tin. This solution penetrates every crevice, dissolves film, removes even old stains and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. Many people leave their teeth in 'Steradent' overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists cordially recommend 'Steradent'. All chemists stock 'Steradent' in tins at 1/- and 1/9d.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Ltd., Hull and London

HOW MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH

Everyone who tries the new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is amazed to see how completely it removes ugly stains, and leaves the teeth amazingly white. A most astonishing discovery! Why is 'Milk of Magnesia' such an effective whitener? The reason is that it instantly neutralizes the harmful mouth acids which encourage the formation of dingy yellow deposits and tartar on the teeth. Moreover, it destroys the cause of decay germs which swarm in the acid mouth. The toothpaste that gives you this marvellous tooth-whitening service is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, and it alone contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Get a tube to-day and try it. Results will show you why over twelve thousand dentists are recommending patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia every day. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

COMFORT YOUR THROAT

GO SUCK A ZUBE

In Flat tins 3d & 6d

Something Hitler Forgot!

WHEN Hitler and his boys untied the red ribbon holding together their plans for further aggression, saying "Come on, let's go!" they did not take into consideration the one important factor that will eventually sweep Nazi-ism from Europe.

Britain at war becomes one great family overnight. A family confident of its strength and resources, a family that does not forget, a family marching forward united.

This family of Britain has already confounded **Messrs. Hitler and Co., Bloodcurdlers, Inc.**, and will continue to give the old firm many sleepless nights. And when they do sleep they will have nightmares.

You and your neighbours are members of this family.

War has made you brothers with a common cause.

Gas masks and ration cards are two of the symbols that have already shown the Arch Violator of peoples' liberties that he is faced with something even greater than the Maginot Line, legions of bayonets, battalions of tanks and thousands of war-planes.

He is struggling against the unconquerable spirit that makes us all stand firmly together.

FOR this war is everybody's war.

We are all in it. There is not only one battlefield. Millions of houses from which no light shines at night show the nation's determination to combat the menace of the air.

In the special announcement in the centre pages, readers of JOHN BULL are offered security far and beyond anything that a journal has ever before undertaken for its readers.

It is a scheme that is not only historic but also without parallel. A FREE Air Raid Insurance Policy underwritten at LLOYD'S, and, in addition, an "All-in" Household Security Gift.

Readers will be heartened by this protection, which could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium.

Knowledge of this essential safeguard will at once dispel anxiety shared by hundreds of thousands.

The tremendous national importance of JOHN BULL'S timely gesture is inspiring.

MILLIONS of householders were given air raid shelters by the Government. JOHN BULL gives *free* this Air Raid Insurance that until now has been the privilege of only those who could afford it.

A registered reader of JOHN BULL automatically qualifies for the benefits provided by this Free Air Raid Insurance and "All-in" Household Security Gift.

There is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered, do so at once on the Registration Forms in the centre pages.

Whether or not you are a registered reader, remember that your neighbour is in this war with you.

Be the neighbourly thing. Tell him about JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

Tell him about the Security that you are to enjoy.

Impress on him that he, too, can have this same security simply for the asking.

He will shake you by the hand. You will be both in the same family for the "duration."

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line. A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London. W.C.2

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

CROCKERY, 120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 6/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery 9, Burslem.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind, Bazaar Goods, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (128), Birmingham.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

DRAPERS.—104-page Illus. Winter Catalogue post free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at Keenest prices. Satis. guid. Wnole Only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP. Men over 21 wanted for reserved occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service, etc. No experience required. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 383), CHISLEHURST, KENT.

POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. For full details of easy entrance write, B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POLICE FORCE.—Both married and single man, aged 19-27, urgently wanted. Start £3 weekly. Ordinary education sufficient.—Apply for FREE GUIDE containing full details of simple entrance requirements. CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 138), CHISLEHURST, KENT.

You Can't Rely on War-Time Meals for Enough Strengthening Food to Ensure

PEACE FOR 'NERVES'

A Whole Week's Supply of Nerve-Strengthening "Mealtime Rations" for 6d. Only.

"You need a tonic—You are run-down."

"LIVING ON NERVES!" Warning!!! Millions are thus using up more of their precious "Nerve Capital of Life and Health" than is re-supplied by their daily food. For to-day's foods are seriously lacking in the Nerve-nourishment so essential for the restoration and maintenance of the nerve-strength without which Health is impossible.

NATION-WIDE PLANS are ready for immediate distribution to the Public through Chemists of

THOUSANDS OF TEST SUPPLIES

of this Wonderful Yestamin Vitamin-Yeast. Its nerve-strengthening help is quickly and lastingly demonstrated to all. It is a pure Vitamin-Yeast that supplies the nerves with the rarer nutriment they need. Thousands have already discovered this. They are the fittest of the fit today. They make good use of their abundant muscular, nervous and mental energies. They face each day cheerfully.

THE 2-in-1 SECRET OF NERVE-STRENGTH AND GOOD HEALTH

is due to TWO very important food-factors in Yestamin. 2 Tablets with meals supply Over-worked, Sensitive, Weak and War-Strained Nerves with a "full ration" of Nerve-Strengthening (1) Food-Vitamins from their richest known food-source, and (2) the Special Yestamin Yeast that is unrivalled in its health-activating aid.

Signs and Dangers of Food-Deficiency

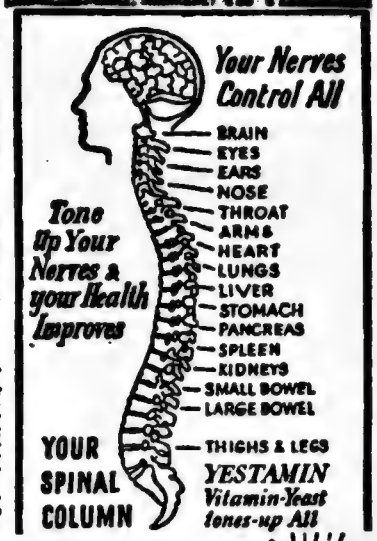
(See the "A.B.C. Health Guide" in every tin of Yestamin):—

"NERVES"—Over-sensitiveness—Doubts and Fears—Anxiety and worry—Failing self-confidence—Desire to be alone—Low spirits—Forgetfulness—Weakening will—Poor mental concentration—Easily tired—Unrestful sleep or sleeplessness.

STOMACH—Indigestion or dyspepsia—Poor appetite—Discomfort, swelling of stomach or pain after meals—Fears of eating—Flatulence—Palpitation—Heartburn—Flushing or sleepiness after meals—"Sinking Feeling"—Poor blood.

RHEUMATISM—Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis.

BOWEL AND LIVER—Constipation, or irregular or incomplete bowel action—Biliousness—Headaches—Coated tongue.



YESTAMIN

The Vitamin-Yeast Tablets

YESTAMIN is sold in flat tins 40 tablets for 6d. 100 tablets for 1/- 225 tablets for 2/- *Of all Chemists.*

JOIN THE "HOME FRONT" ARMY OF THE FIT AND WELL

Be Nerve-fit. Be fit in health—Get a tin of Yestamin from your Chemist TO-DAY. Begin taking with your meals 2 tablets either alone or in water or milk. Your nerves will gain strength daily, and you will feel much more fit to face anything and everything with the regular "Mealtime Ration" aid of Yestamin. You have nothing to lose—and so much to gain under this

A TRIAL TIN WILL PROVE THIS

Entirely Free From Drugs

WAR-TIME HEALTH OFFER

If you have not tried "Yestamin," GET A 6d. OR 1s. TIN TO-DAY from your Chemist. If after a fortnight you are not COMPLETELY SATISFIED that "Yestamin" has done you the good you expected, RETURN THE REMAINDER of the tin to The Yestamin Co., Burton-on-Trent, who will refund purchase price in full. THIS PLEDGE is made so everyone may have confidence to START TAKING "YESTAMIN" AT ONCE.

THE YESTAMIN GUARANTEE

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 patterns post free. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

SEE THROUGH PENN BINOCULARS. Scan the sea and the sky. Nobody should be without them.—Write to Wm. Penn, Ltd., 622, Holloway Road, London, N.7.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. New season's patterns. Post free both ways.—Bruce & Hall (J.B.), South Shields.

EMPLOYMENT.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS.—Reserved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819), Chislehurst, Kent.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged under 21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 601), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

FREE BROCHURE FOR POULTRY KEEPERS. Everyone should at once take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.C.1), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Pref.)

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

FREE Pte. Xmas Card Smpl. Book supplied to enterprising Agents, either sex. Beautiful designs. Highest Com. Prizes.—LANCASTER PUBLISHING CO. (Dep. 229), LANCASTER.

AGENTS WANTED FOR G.U.S. FAMOUS SHILLING CLUBS. 10/- FREE Gift! Big Commissions and Bonuses! Easy spare-time work aided by 472-page Catalogue of over 3,000 Bargains.—Apply to Great Universal Stores, Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

DO YOU WANT TO EARN MORE MONEY?—Manufacturers offer FREE the most beautiful selection of Christmas Cards in the country to sell in your Spare Time. Work among your friends. No experience necessary. Highest remuneration. Helpful suggestions. Valuable prizes for best sellers.—For particulars write to J. Renshaw & Sons, Ltd., Dept. I.P., Climax Works, Acerington.

AGENTS Wanted to Sell the Famous CASTLE Series Private Xmas Cards. No risk or outlay. BIG PROFITS CERTAIN. SAMPLE BOOK FREE.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 50, Anchor Court, PRESTON.

AGENTS WANTED. PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS; world-famed "Orient" Sample Book; carriage paid to honest and enterprising Agents: Exquisite Calendars. Novel Blotter, Royal Family, 52-page Engagement Diary, Real Poker-work Calendar, Animal Studies, Novelties, and Greeting Cards for all tastes; highest commission and prizes.—HAMILTONS, Dept. 575, ORIENT WORKS, BLACKBURN.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

THOUSANDS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a SPENCER Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet and name of nearest local Corsetiere. See page 22.

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nostroline advert. on page 28, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blunden's, Dept. 129G, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS OFFERING SPECIAL A.R.P. LINES

Need not limit trade to Local requirements. In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SHAVE in two minutes. No water needed. Use Shavex—the no-soap, no-brush method of shaving. Used by all the British Forces. Obtainable from all chemists and stores in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 tubes or 1/6 pots. See page 2.

GET full particulars of the Murphy Battery Portable Radio Set as illustrated on page 14, which can be obtained on hire-purchase terms if desired.

DUGOUTS can be quite cheery with a pack of the new Crime Club Card Game—fun for all the family.

SPECIAL to those with relatives and friends in H.M. Services.—We copy and make three perfect postcards, 2s. only, post paid (or from own negatives 1s. only). Copies made from any original, no matter how faded. Figures taken from group photo 1/- extra.—Bathes (The Camera People), 34, Fleet Street, Torquay.

BEINO naturally matured and free from artificial flavouring, all 8 Four Square Blends smoke evenly to the bottom of the pipe. There's never a scrap of waste. Four Square economy counts in these times. Buy some to-day. Blends and prices are given in the announcement on page 14.

THE EASIEST WASH YOU CAN EVER GET! Whites wash even whiter, colours become brighter, woollies softer. After two years of careful preparation New Persil is now ready. Persil has always given beautiful results, but this New Persil, with its wonderful oxygen action, gives even better results. Be sure to get the New Persil—the price is unchanged at 2½d. and 6d. See special announcement on back cover.

TOOTHBRUSH Free! There's a special offer on page 21 by which *John Bull* readers can receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a gift of a Solidox Toothbrush! This comes to all of those who fill in the coupon and post it (before November 18, 1939) with one Solidox Toothpaste carton, together with 1½d. stamp for return postage. Solidox can be obtained everywhere—6d. a big tube.

Nurse says

De Witt's Pills for

BACKACHE

"I was taken ill with a bad back. I could not stand up and was two days in bed. My sister persuaded me to try De Witts Pills and I now feel better than I have been for a long time. I am working again and feel as good as ever. I recommend them to my patients."—Nurse A. A.

De Witts Pills are quick in action. In 24 hours after taking the first dose you see results. Your kidneys are being helped to filter from the body the poisons and impurities that cause backache. With kidneys working properly the cause of your pain and weakness is cleared right out of your system. That, briefly, is how De Witts Pills act.

DE WITTS BRAND KIDNEY AND BLADDER **PILLS**

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

CATARRH-NOSES

Clean out poisonous mucus. Banish Catarrh

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy stops Catarrh. Instantly cleans out Nose. Clears Head, Throat, Chest. Brings away the germ-laden mucus that is poisoning you. "NOSTROLINE" soothes Soreness. Heals Inflammation. Ends Catarrh. Colds, 'Flu; relieves Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness. Insist on "NOSTROLINE" and take nothing else. 1/3 at all Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.95, Bristol. 8.

FREE TOOTHBRUSH TO SOLIDOX USERS

TO encourage readers to give Solidox Toothpaste a trial, the makers of Solidox offer a splendid free toothbrush, in return for the coupon on page 21, with *one* Solidox Carton, together with 1½d. stamp for return postage. Solidox can be obtained everywhere—6d. Big Tube. Be sure to cut out and post coupon to John Knight, Ltd. (Dept. Y.54), London, E.16.

Continuing

Dandy Thrashes Blacksmith!

words they would speedily have come to blows but for their friends.

Fitzsimmons, as soon as articles were signed, began dreaming of a sweet revenge.

He would talk of nothing but the fight and the licking he meant to give his rival.

"I'll teach the cocky bounder a lesson 'e won't fergit," he promised his supporters. "'E won't be smiling when I've finished with 'im, mark my words."

Nor did he leave anything to chance. He trained harder than ever before, determined that when he did leave his corner to face the Sydney idol he would be in perfect shape.

Hall, on the other hand, was as casual as Fitz was earnest. True, he trained, but only in a careless, lackadaisical fashion, and he still spent much of his time hanging around the smart haunts.

In spite of this rather careless preparation he looked fit enough when at long last he and Fitz faced each other across the ring in Foley's hall behind the White House Hotel.

THEY wasted no time when the bell sent them into action. Bob, for all his apparent clumsiness, could move speedily.

He crowded Hall back to the ropes, slugged lightning fast with both hands, and was out of distance before the Australian, left with two crimson patches flaring angrily on his ribs, could retaliate.

The devil was in Robert that night. He fought with grim and concentrated fury, raining such a hail of blows upon Hall that it seemed miraculous that he could keep erect.

But, whatever his failings, the Sydney fighter was not lacking in courage. Despite the terrible punishment he was taking from Fitz's flailing gloves, he still had the nerve to turn and sneer at his scowling opponent at the end of the round.

Fitz, catching the look, sank down on to his stool muttering threats.

"I'll get 'im fer that," he growled. "I'll knock that smile right off 'is blinking face."

Next Week:

—you will meet "Ruby Robert" at the height of his fame, when his fists were earning showers of golden sovereigns for him

He almost ran from his corner at the beginning of the next round, so eager was he to get to work.

But, for the first time in his ring career, Fitz had made the fatal mistake of losing his temper. His spiteful punches were robbed of their accuracy, so that, although more than once he had Hall reeling groggily, the Australian was able to weather the storm.

When they came out for the third round Fitz walked straight into a hard left that caught him full in the throat.

It would have dropped most men, but Fitz, with an impatient shake of his head, rushed in punching away with both hands.

Hall already was badly marked, and a thin trickle of blood flowed from his puffed lips, but he still fought with cool and unruffled calm.

Although he did his best to keep Fitz at bay with his ramrod left hand, the Cornishman would not be denied and again and again waded in.

At the close of the round Hall was left with barely enough strength to carry him to his corner.

HIS gloves hung wearily at his sides and his knees buckled under him . . . but the light was still in his eyes.

He lay back against the ropes almost like a dead man, while his seconds sponged his battered features.

Opposite sat Fitz, as fresh as a daisy, shuffling his feet impatiently as he waited for the bell.

When it came he shot from his corner and was across the ring before Hall had time to rise to his feet.

Seeing his rival trapped in his corner, Fitz aimed a smashing right hook, but Hall, cool as ever, neatly side-stepped and the blow was wasted on the air.

Fitz, thrown off balance by the force of that terrific punch, lurched into the corner. Hall, poised like a ballet dancer, drove a crisp right to the chin.

It was a perfect blow, having everything Fitz's furious battery had lacked—and most of all deadly accuracy.

The crisp sound as it connected must have been sweet to Hall's ears, and the dull thud as Fitz's lanky frame toppled headlong sweeter still.

And there poor Ruby Robert lay, his beady eyes glazed, robbed of his victory and his revenge by one of the most dramatic punches in the history of the ring.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Money to be Made!

ON offer for sale are the majority of the thoroughbred yearlings which were foaled in 1938. They represent the cream of the world's young bloodstock, and at the best they will probably be disposed of for no more than half their normal value. There are bound to be many extraordinary bargains—purchases that will show a big return on outlay even if the period of the war is prolonged.

At the end of the last war bloodstock values soared sky-high. If the present conflict is ended in six months' time buyers of yearlings now would probably see their stock appreciate tenfold in value by the summer of 1940.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, October 19, to Wednesday, October 25.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: IL95ME95L would read BRAEMAR.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. 95XK2BB would read FOSSIL.

Richard Sudell says:

Don't Sacrifice All Your Flowers

WHETHER you are cultivating an allotment or converting part of your garden for vegetable cultivation to meet the demand for more home-grown food, you must pay attention to the soil.

The best soil for vegetable cultivation consists of rich brown earth or loam about one foot in depth over a subsoil of clay, gravel or sand.

All soils can be improved by adding suitable material.

Light sandy soils, poor in plant food, need enriching with manure or organic matter.

Because they dry so quickly in summer, fertilisers are easily washed out of such soils by rain, and now is the time to dig in a barrow-load of decayed leaves, grass clippings or farmyard manure to every four square yards of earth.

Don't bury the material too deeply. To get the best results it should be mixed with the top six inches of soil.

Next, lime should be sprinkled over the surface (¼ lb. to a square yard). Bonemeal and flour, also slow acting, might be applied now to light soils.

* * *

Because they hold water in wet weather, clay or heavy soils can be improved by double digging, which aids drainage. While you are digging, you should add gritty material, strawy manure, leaves, and coarse sand.

The surface should be left as rough as possible if the land is not to be planted or sown this autumn.

Clay soils, usually fertile, because they hold fertiliser more tenaciously than sandy soils, should not be trampled over in wet weather.

The addition of basic slag, one ounce to a square yard, is also helpful.

When turning a lawn or a field into a vegetable garden, the gardener is often faced with the problem of disposing of the turf.

"Flowers are cheerful, and have a psychological value in times of stress"

If dug into the soil, turf will decompose to form valuable plant food. But it should not be burned.

Meanwhile, the easiest way to get rid of long grass and turf is to double dig the soil, and to invert the turf so that the grass is buried downwards at the bottom of the trench.

Possessors of small gardens now mainly devoted to flower beds and grass lawns are wondering how much ground should be devoted to vegetables.

I would suggest leaving the front garden as a flower patch, in which you cultivate your valuable herbaceous flowers, bulbs, shrubs and roses.

Flowers are cheerful, and have a psychological value in times of stress.

Retain at least one-third of the area of the back garden for recreation.

Borders near the house and at the sides can be used for flowers.

Cultivate vegetables and quick-maturing fruits in the remainder.

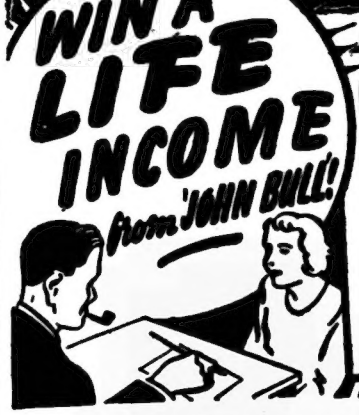
* * *

This may mean turning-in a portion of the lawn and possibly some of the flower borders, but the space to be cultivated depends only on the requirements of the household.

Remember that every pound of food produced in the home garden saves railway transport and is a safeguard against shortage.

There is also the delight of having newly gathered vegetables and salads from one's own garden.

PENSION, CASH and NEW PRIZES for X-WORDS!



FIRST PRIZE

£20 WEEKLY for LIFE OR £250 Cash

174

£100 in Cash and WINTER BLANKETS FOR 1st RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP

XMAS DINNERS COMING NEXT WEEK!

A FINE Life Pension awaits the competitor who beats his rivals in this week's entertaining Crossword. Imagine your thrill if the First Prize Joy Wire came to *your* door on Friday, November 3, naming you as "John Bull's" 41st Pensioner.

Supporting the Pension Offer this week is an added new attraction of £100 in Cash and Winter Blankets for Runners-up—but none of these prizes can be yours unless your entry is posted on or before Saturday, October 28.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 174th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, November 9. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £250 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

FREE "BULLETS" PRIVILEGE Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may submit one 6d. *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

ACROSS CLUES

1. One occasionally sees close finish at end of this
2. Form of this may be considered better when it's polished
4. Fishing party will very often take this when they go out for fishing trip
9. Window-cleaner may sometimes work on
10. Most people prefer a quiet one
11. Part of car which, like its owner, has a mask nowadays
13. There are times when trade suffers badly because of these
18. Wicked
19. Nobody would welcome having to live on
20. One is only rarely seen in city streets nowadays
21. You expect a lot of this at children's party

DOWN CLUES

2. Men working on roads usually have it
3. Dashing one occasionally makes big hit at ball
5. Describes a tranquil sea
6. Will most likely be used for any aerial survey work
7. Blunt old saw may be quite suitable to use on this
8. Society hostess would probably have an expensive one in sandwiches
12. It's not easy to defend one when attacked
13. Tyres are rarely apt to give any trouble on one
14. Invalid is sometimes badly upset by
15. What the wind does
16. Effect of bad one may be to make traveller's progress slower
17. Was feted and made an idol of in Roman times

22 Big Cheques Won in X-Word No. 171

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 171, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following twenty-two competitors:—

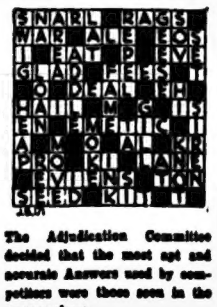
J. J. Arrowsmith, 27, Charlestown, Glossop; Mrs. E. Arrowsmith, 27, Charlestown, Glossop; A. E. Bonney, 168, Longwood Gardens, Ilford, Essex; W. Bowen, Glan-yr-Afon, Ynysty, Laugher, Swansea; Miss M. Boyle, 22, Redbourne St., Hull; J. E. Carmichael, c/o 58, Lancaster St., S.E.1; W. L. Dunn, 73, Queen's Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mrs. E. Duffy, 56, Clive Rd., Redditch, Worcs.; C. E. Johnson, "Uplands," Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge; J. Manbey, Klamsby, Birr, Co. Offaly, Eire; Grangefield Ave., Thornbury, Bradford; F. Slinger, 19, Hebron St., W. Greenwich, S.E.10; E. G. Simmons, 25, Knottmill Lane, Oldbury, Nr. Birmingham; K. Taylor, 79, Falkirken St., Irvine; P. Thomson, 56, Boswall Terr., Edinburgh; C. Tompkins, 22, Albert Rd., Shanklin, I. of W.; E. Wallwin, 30, Moorhead Ave., Spondon, Derby; R. Williams, 9, Drayton St., Newcastle; Mrs. A. Wilson, "Broad View," Woodland Terr., Windermere; E. J. Wood, "Cumbria," Oxford Garden City; T. W. Wood, 58, Moss Side Lane, Ribton, Nr. Warrington.

These competitors share the First Prize of £250, and a cheque for £11 7s. 4d. will be sent to each.

The £20 Award to Runners-up has been divided between 158 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 3s. 10d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 925 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

X-WORD AID POST FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 174, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 174, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., Oct. 28

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, October 28, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, November 9. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 174. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

P.O. Value.....No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

Name .....

Address .....

.....

USE BLOCK LETTERS NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

.....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of "Bullets" coupon FREE.)

The Last Laugh

—and Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EVENING POST:—"Rockets were fired to warn BOMBS not to cross Swiss territory."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"The aeroplane had special permission to fly over neutral States to Britain carrying large quantities of gold and IMPORTED Polish personages."

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—"The van is also a travelling library, and stationery, cigarettes, tooth brushes and MENTAL polish can be bought, too."

BURTON MAIL:—"Clip the seed stems of 'bent' GLASS on the lawn with sharp shears."

THE LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"... W—— was arrested on June 21 and BOILED out to appear the following day...."

STAFFORDSHIRE WEEKLY SENTINEL:—"The RAIN was just steaming into the station as he snatched up his portmanteau."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"...boot and SHOOT manufacture are well on the way towards their accelerated war effort."

THE MORPETH HERALD AND REPORTER:—"They all went to the pictures that night and the NIGHT was accidentally left burning."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"The rising cost of DIVING is the subject of several questions which are to be asked."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"DARLING reconnaissance flights undertaken by the Royal Air Force...."

MRS. K. (Wolverhampton).—"When I called at my husband's office they told me he had just taken his wife out to lunch." So you left a message for him that his secretary had called?

H. J. (Sevenoaks).—"A good turn always brings some reward." Try it on your car when you've used up all your petrol ration.

T. L. (Portsmouth).—"Take it from me, the crews of German submarines are feeling very depressed these days." They have got that sinking feeling?

Mrs. S. (Surbiton).—"As it is war time I make no apology for a hasty wedding, and you'd never guess who the happy man is." Your father?

F. S. M. (Loudwater).—"My wife and daughter are out on war work and I am sitting here wondering when football pools will start again." One home, two away.

D. D. (Bootle).—"Yawning can result in a very nasty accident sometimes." Especially if you're a trapeze artist hanging on by your teeth.

S. S. (Leigh).—"So far, Hitler has had his own way. Are France and England going to let him have it?" Yes—in the neck!

C. S. (Downham).—"They used to tell me at school that the horse was the friend of man." But since you've been to a few racecourses you've learned better?

L. R (Byfleet).—"I prefer to keep my mouth shut and let people think I'm a fool." If you opened it you might remove all doubt.

A. F. (Exeter).—"Owing to petrol rationing some people are exchanging their cars for bicycles." Whereabouts on a bicycle can a priority sign be most conveniently pasted?

A. L. (Bacup).—"In the last war I fought hard." But had to go in the end?

T. L. (Taunton).—"Is it true that the British soldier is a very keen card-player?" Well, every Tommy has to carry a pack when on active service.

FLOSSIE (Newton Abbot).—"I'm one of those girls who appeal to men." What for?

P. T. (Tooting).—"Any fool could see that Hitler wanted war." You spotted it immediately?

PHILOSOPHER (Bath).—"I could sum up this war in two words." Many a soldier can sum it up in one.

G. B. (Ryde).—"I'm in rather a mess and can't meet my creditors." Why on earth do you want to?

G. D. (Bulford).—"We Army cooks put all we've got into our work." Especially when it's stew for dinner.

H. B. (Elstree).—"Have you the remotest idea when this war will be over?" Yes, on the day peace is declared.

K. S. (Brighton).—"Why is it that you are always out when I call at your office?" Just luck, we imagine.

W. A. (Hereford).—"I want to marry a woman who will be careful with her money." And with yours as well?

F. N. (Egham).—"Nobody in these days of national endeavour can afford to take a narrow view of things." What about railway booking-clerks?

T. L. (Kensington).—"I don't approve of this new fashion of women wearing trousers." Has your wife been running up bills with your tailor?

J. C. (Bury).—"To make quite certain of a perfect black-out I use only candles in the house." You mean you haven't paid your electric light bill?

MUSICIAN (Cambridge).—"The ability to play a musical instrument will often secure one a great number of invitations." To desist?

T. O. (Swindon).—"You should now be working out how much seed you will need for your garden next season." We can't until we know how many chickens our neighbour will keep.

B. L. (Clapham).—"I can see no point in going out of London at the week-end when one can get all the fresh air one wants in the public parks." We, too, have been a little short of cash lately.

W. E. (Liverpool).—"I would like to know what is behind the 'Pro Bono Publico' which so many letter-writers in newspapers seem to favour." Too often bald heads and spectacles.

F. V. (Barrow).—"I told the assistant in the stores that I had lost my whereabouts, and what do you think he did?" Directed you to the outfitting department?

E. L. (Esher).—"A hen will raise her head in the air after each sip of water." An example to us all of how to keep our pecker up.

R. L. (Frome).—"My husband has gone to France on active service, but I am quite confident that he wouldn't be so foolish as to fall for one of those charming mademoiselles." Why, is he an airman?

A. W. (Ashford).—"Petrol rationing will do a lot of good. People who own cars never get any exercise." You've never been with us when we've had to get out and push ours!

F. R. (Wellington).—"The agent told me that in this house I am buying there are two stained-glass windows." Well, you can easily have them removed and replaced by clean ones.

TERRITORIAL (Devon).—"Our tent was roped so strongly to the ground that even a gale did not shift it." Tough guys, eh?

W. V. (Mold).—"I tried to lay in some coal before the rationing started." Had your wife locked you out?

ENLISTED (Dorset).—"I went on parade without shaving, and what do you think the sergeant told me?" Off.

G. N. (Bognor).—"What is the use of eyebrows?" Well, they give the authorities an idea of how far citizens can be taxed up to!

T. B. H. (Richmond).—"In case of an air raid I should feel safest in the garden." But suppose your wife suggested that the lawn needed rolling?

A. P. (Clapton).—"When I opened my newspaper in a railway carriage five passengers tried to read it." It's a mystery how you managed to get it open at all.

AUTHOR (Appleby).—"When I called on the theatrical manager who had promised to produce my play, he fished it out of his waste paper basket!" So he *did* produce it!

T. L. (Hitchin).—"Why don't certain of our M.P.s wear steel helmets to protect their precious heads?" Probably because experiments have proved that it is impossible to talk through them.

T. H. (Tamworth).—"I hear that the German soldiers in the Siegfried Line are complaining about the cold." Leaflets should be dropped telling them we will soon make it hot for them.

HOUSEWIFE (Basingstoke).—"What do you think the baker said when I complained about a cigarette end I found in the bread?" That you couldn't expect to find cigar ends in these hard times?

G. B. (Rochester).—"Germans are great admirers of fifteenth-century Italian explorers and navigators." Some, however, think that Christopher Columbus went a bit too far.

E. H. (Heston).—"Even in the depths of the country one should be careful about talking on military matters." Quite so. Even wheat has ears.

G. N. (Sutton).—"I have reluctantly taken my 1928 car off the road and jacked it up in the garage." To prevent it falling down?

J. L. (Loughborough).—"The leading lady in a show I was once in was terribly upset when, on the first night, she got only six bouquets." Why, had she paid for seven?

L. A. (Hatfield).—"If we have an air raid here, I shall be in a bit of a hole." Haven't you made a nice deep dug-out?

J. G. (Poole).—"No war will ever be finished by gas." But quite a lot of wars have been started by it.

P. B. C. (Chelmsford).—"Shall I send any more poems to your office?" No. Keep the home fires burning.

P. C. (Bristol).—"Daylight robbery has never existed to such an extent as it does to-day." Come, come, the Budget's not so bad as all that!

● *For thirty-three years the slogan, "Write to JOHN BULL about it," has been part of the English language and is known and quoted the world over. Why don't you "write to JOHN BULL about it" and relieve yourself of the responsibility of settling ANY problem? Our Service is free—all that you need send with your enquiry is a stamped addressed envelope. Letters should be addressed to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

The replies given on this page deal with humorous letters from readers. They are for your entertainment.

THE KID By LEES

Guineas for "Last Laughs"

Following are the ten £1 1s. winners in the "Last Laughs" Contest announced on this page in JOHN BULL dated September 30.

D Bain, 5, Broomlands, Paisley.

A. L. Basham, St. Margarets, Bungay.

T. Charlton, 9, Tees Crescent, S. Stanley, Co. Durham.

E. Hayes, 41, Tatton Road, Liverpool.

S Jobling, Main Street, Ottringham, near Hull

Mrs. D. Magrath, 74, Toronto Road, Horfield, Bristol.

W. Murison, 50, Grahamsdyke Street, Laurieston, Falkirk.

G. Simpson, 29, West Thomson Street, Clydebank.

P. J. Smith, 37, West Princes Street, Glasgow.

J. Watters, Haugh Head, Gorebridge, Midlothian.

Prizes for 100 Runners-up have also been despatched—and list of 10 successful efforts can be obtained on application to Competition Editor.

Mystery Solution

Brookes claimed that he had never been "in these parts before." Yet he said: "I saw a light on in the Drawing Office!"

How did he know which was the Drawing Office? No one had said anything to him!

From this slip Captain Connolly knew he was lying. He also knew that Brookes would not lie unless he was trying to cover up some suspicious activity.

FIRST XMAS FEASTS "Bullets" PRIZES Value OVER £350

1st PRIZE £200 CASH plus XMAS TURKEY

2nd PRIZE £20 PLUS TURKEY

3rd PRIZE £10 PLUS TURKEY

4th PRIZE £5 PLUS TURKEY

2 PRIZES OF £3 EACH PLUS TURKEY

10 of £2 · 10s. EACH PLUS TURKEY

XMAS IS COMING—MAKE IT A MERRY ONE!

PLUMP and SUCCULENT 50 XMAS TURKEYS DELIVERED CAREFULLY PACKED AND CARRIAGE PAID, IN GOOD TIME FOR DECEMBER 25th.

100 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE 5/- 2000 OTHER PRIZES

ONE WEEK ONLY

HOW TO WIN A 'BULLETS' PRIZE

Host at over 25,000 Christmas Feasts in past years, JOHN BULL is already preparing for Christmas, 1939.

To this week's solid First Prize of £200 and to each of the other chief cheques from £20 to £2 10s. a plump Christmas Turkey will be added—and these seasonable awards are followed by a batch of 50 fine Christmas Dinners for Runners-up, as well as thousands of other prizes.

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. For instance, taking STARVING MAN as his *Example*, a Blackpool entrant added SHARED ME—SHARED MEAL, thus completing a telling effort which secured a substantial cheque.

Now look at 14 further pointers to success, provided by the winning *Bullets* of various kinds in the result below. Each is a *Bullet* such as *you* might well have made; start on the *Examples* now, for there is no reason why *your* name should not be amongst the chief winners in our Contest this week, if your entry is posted on or before Saturday, Oct. 28.

'BULLETS' 1,189 RESULT

First Prize, £200:

Mrs. J. HARTLEY, 167, Millfield Road, Birmingham.

Example: GRANDPA'S ON A.R.P., SO
Bullet: HIS TRICYCLE'S LABELLED "PRIORITY"!

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

W. A. BRIERLEY, 3, Overdale Crescent, Flixton, Manchester.
Example: Helping The Enemy
Bullet: Grumbling—Use Your "Intelligence"!

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mrs. B. GRAY, 8, Gipsy Lane, Weymouth.
Example: Rich And Poor
Bullet: Closer, Defending *Liberty's* "Wealth."

FOURTH PRIZE £5:

Mrs. E. G. M. CORCLOUGH, "Heather Dene," Amysford Road, Ferndown, Dorset.
Example: Hitlerism
Bullet: "Ashes"—Then Fireside Brighter.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

G. E. ATKINSON, Melrose, Fell Road, Grange-over-Sands.
Pulling Together—Profiteers—Pull In, Together!

J. S. BLAKENEY, 66, Lake Drive, Hull.
Grandpa's On A.R.P., So—He's "Blowing" *Before* Warning!

L. BURKILL, 10, Webster Avenue, Scunthorpe.
Day Of Days—She's In White, "Colouring."

K. E. CAVILL, 62, Huskisson Street, Liverpool.
Fright For The Profiteer—Attempting "Raid," Publicity's "Searchlight."

A. DICK, c/o 102, Windsor Road, Leyton, E.
My House—Jerrybuilt—Evacuees, "Demolition Squad"!

R. GREER, Ledcameroch Lodge, Kilwinning.
Lesson For Germany—Realising "Heads" Aren't "Square."

A. JOHNSTON, 46, Mill Crescent, Buckie, N.B.
Hitlerism — Germany's "Rod" — And "Sinker."

W. K. KENYON, 2b, St. James Road, Blackpool.
Grandpa's On A.R.P., So—Shiny Helmet Puzzles Flies!

S. A. KNIGHT, 293, Worting Road, Basingstoke.
Helping The Enemy—Called "Hunger," Profiteer "Battalion."

E. A. OLIVER, 5, Rushmere Avenue, Northampton.
Strong Words—German Citizen's "My Opinion——"

ADVANCE "EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,194

(NOT TO BE USED FOR THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.)

Hitler's Gang — Done With — When Peace Returns — Futile — Gamelin v. Goering— Beer's Gone Up, But—Man In The Trenches—Faithful Friend—The Neutrals—It's Only A Rumour, But—Wouldn't Come Amiss—Soaring Prices—Last But Not Least—What We're Fighting For—Something To Look Forward To—Lies—We Don't Mind Fritz, But—Willing Hands—Cornered—Stalin's Steam-roller.

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Worse Than ..... | To End The .....
Scandalous ..... | Made Tommy .....
Easy To ..... | ..... Prisoner

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 29, may be enclosed with *Bullets*: double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE A POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,193 — I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

Closing postmark, SAT., OCT. 28.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

BRITAIN AND FRANCE
IN TIMES LIKE THESE
GIVES HITLER A HEADACHE
BRUTE FORCE
REMEMBER THE "COURAGEOUS" AND
WHEN THE RENT'S DUE
ON THE CASUALTY LIST
AUNTIE'S LOST HER GAS-MASK, SO
NOW THE KIDS ARE AWAY
TAXATION'S A BURDEN, BUT
LUXURIES
APPEALING FOR HELP
BEFORE THE WAR
LIKE A FRIGHTENED RABBIT
FOR THE DURATION
BAMBOOZLED
PITY THE PUBLICAN WHEN
BEFORE IT'S OVER
THE NAZIS
SHOCK FOR THE PROFITEER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

FULL OF .....
WHEN ..... PROPOSED
..... ANSWER
WAR TIME .....
ROAR OF THE .....
PUBLIC .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,193 — I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

Closing postmark SAT., OCT. 28

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,193, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,193, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, OCT. 28

PERSIL NOW EVEN BETTER

AFTER 2 YEARS CAREFUL PREPARATION NEW PERSIL IS READY. NEW PERSIL WILL CARRY ON! FOR NOW, MORE THAN EVER, YOU NEED ITS EXTRA HELP.

Whites washed even Whiter, Colours come Brighter, Woollies Softer, in Easiest Wash we ever had!

SAY 14,000 WOMEN AFTER TESTING

BEFORE this new Persil came on the market 14,000 women secretly proved in advance every claim made for it. They tested it for months—without prejudice, too, for it was issued in a plain nameless packet. Their verdict will be your verdict. Persil has always given beautiful results. But this new Persil proves that the wonderful Persil oxygen action can give even better results. The famous Persil Whiteness is now whiter still, putting all other whiteness in the shade. What is more, your precious silks are even safer now, their daintiness more lasting. And the fluffy softness of the woollens, the brightness of the colours, will make you prouder than ever of your wash.

ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER!

The news soon travels. One woman tells another, and before long you'll hardly find a home where the new, even better Persil isn't being used.

AND THESE 3 BIG EXTRA ADVANTAGES

NO MIXING—

EASIER WASH

You just shake new Persil on to the water, swish with your hand, watch the lather foam up—and there, so quickly, so easily, you're all ready.

EXTRA LATHER—

FOR FINE WASH

A deep foamy lather which gets right in and in—just a few gentle squeezes and all dirt vanishes from your silks and woollens.

PREVENTS SCUM—

EASIER RINSING

Even in the hardest water, with new Persil, you get no trouble with scum. That means easy, perfect rinsing to help you to perfect whiteness.

EXPERIENCED HOUSEWIVES TEST NEW PERSIL . . . DELIGHTED

She thought her boy's shirt was white until . . .

Just you put side by side the whiteness of a new Persil wash and any other wash! You'll see at once that the new Persil means a new *whiter* whiteness.

THE *New* PERSIL — BUT THE OLD PRICE 3½d. & 6d.

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